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{ From Beginning,
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HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 35.

TO FORTUNE.

BY SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE, BART.

I.

FORTUNE! fair Antium's queen august!
Strong to uplift the lowly from the dust,
Or change the pomps that crown the conqueror's head
For the cold trappings of the dead:

II.

Mistress of winds and waves, to thee
The anxious rustic bends the knee;
To thee the sailor makes his vow
Lashing Carpathian foam with keen Bithynian
prow;
The Dacian hordes, the Scythians of the
North,
Cities and nations — Rome herself — pour
forth
Their prayers into thine ear:
Three Barbarous Queens, three purple despots
fear,
Lest thou with ruthless foot prostrate *
The standing pillar of the State;
Or lest the frenzied crowd
"To arms! to arms!" should shout aloud,
And crush beneath their feet the empire of the
proud.

III.

Fate moves before thee darkly, silently,
In brazen hand the nails and wedges folding,
The cruel hook, and liquid lead upholding;
But Hope abides, and white-robed Honor
clings
Close to thy side, when with inconstant wings,
Changed robe, and angry aspect, thou dost fly
From homes of power and palaces of kings.
The false, the coward, and the vain
Forsake the fallen; like th' ungrateful guest
The cask that's on the lees disdain,
And shun the sorrow where they shared the
feast.

IV.

Fortune! Preserve our Cæsar! Save
That swarm of Roman youth that flies
To quell our farthest enemies
On Britain's shores and by the Red-sea wave.

V.

Alas! our guilty bosoms bear the scars
Of kindred strife, not honorable wars:
O iron age! What altars have ye spared?
What gods not spurned? What crime not
dared?
Sharpen, great queen, our blunted steel once
more;
Stain it with Arab, not with brothers' gore.
Temple Bar.

* "A storm that all things doth prostrate."

SPENSER.

BY THE RIVER.

We met at morning by the willowed river,
Long years ago, when both our hearts were
young!
We met to watch the lights and shadows
quiver,
And listen to the song the waters sung.
But deeper than the music of its flowing,
The tide of love flowed on from mind to
mind;
While overhead the elder blooms were blowing,
And dewy fragrance filled the wooing wind.

We stand beside the waters of the river,
But now the moaning of the sea is near!
Far off the beacons 'mid the dinness quiver,
And rolling breakers fill our hearts with fear.
No longer choristers of morning greet us,
Or blossoms of the May-time droop above;
But shadows of the twilight rise to meet us,
And cloud the golden harvesting of love.

Ah! listen to the rushing of the river
Towards its haven in the restless sea,
While like a leaf upon its tide forever
Our life flows onward to Eternity.
Oh, 'mid its eager tumult and commotion,
The whirl of waters, and the dash of foam,
May Love, the beacon, shining o'er the ocean,
Lead us together to our Father's home!
Chambers' Journal. ARTHUR L. SALMON.

"MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE. — AFTER!"

(Orchardson.)

THE spacious room seems bare
And drear beyond compare,
A man with sparse gray hair
Sits grim and lonely,
Brooding on sin and shame,
His smirched and ruined name.
Which was the most to blame?
He? or she only?

When June and Winter wed
They shoe Time's steeds with lead;
Small wonder that she fled
To love and laughter;
To life's full swirl and stir,
Though years must bring to her
Even a bitterer,
More sordid, "After."

Only the stage-worn play!
Light Love will have its way,
Its own mad course, nor stay
For name nor station.
A woman rashly bought,
Ambition coldly sought,
Passion and greed — have wrought
This desolation.

Academy.

From The Contemporary Review.
GOETHE AND CARLYLE.

BY MAX MULLER.

THE English Goethe Society which we inaugurate to-day has been founded to promote and extend the study of Goethe's works and thoughts. We do not meet here simply to worship the poetical genius of Goethe, and to call every line he wrote great and beautiful and divine. That kind of slavish idolatry is unworthy of Goethe, and it would be equally unworthy of our society. The time has passed when Goethe was preached as a new gospel, the time also when he was sneered at and cursed seems to have come to an end. We think the time has come to study him, and to study him seriously, critically, historically. If worship there must be, we cannot offer better and truer worship to the departed spirits of men of true genius than by trying to understand thoroughly the thoughts which they have bequeathed to us. Such study bestows on them their true immortality, nay, it proves that their spirit never will and never can die.

And never was there a time when it seemed more necessary that Goethe's spirit should be kept alive among us, whether in Germany or in England, than now when the international relations between the leading countries of Europe have become worse than among savages in Africa; when national partisanship threatens to darken all wise counsel and to extinguish all human sympathies; when men are no longer valued by their intrinsic worth, but by their accidental wealth; when philosophy, in its true sense, as a passionate love of wisdom and truth is well-nigh forgotten; when religion has become a dry bone of theological contention, and nothing can be called true, honest, pure, lovely, or sublime without evoking the smiles and sneers of those who profess to be wisest in their generation. The general view of life has become so distorted with us that we can hardly trust our eyes when we turn them on the life which, not more than a hundred years ago, satisfied the desires of such men as Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. Life in Germany was at that time what Goethe himself called *idyl-*

lisch,* the same word, no doubt, as the English *idyllic*, but endowed with a flavor peculiarly its own. The valley in which those poets lived was narrow, their houses small, their diet simple, but their hearts were large, their minds soared high, their sympathies embraced the whole world. They knew the blessings of a *lata paupertas*, of cheerful poverty, and high aims. As Goethe writes in one of his letters to Carlyle, "We then thought of nothing but striving, no one thought of asking for rewards, but was only anxious to deserve them."† The idea of making money for money's sake seems never to have troubled them. Politics, too, occupied a very small place indeed in their daily interests, and even those who were statesmen by profession, did not obtrude their opinions on the world at large, any more than an attorney would always talk about the squabbles and lawsuits of his clients, or a medical man of the imprudences and ailments of his patients. To many people the life at Weimar in Goethe's time may seem provincial, narrow, pedantic, mean, and yet I doubt whether at any time in the world's history, society, in the best sense of the word, reached a more Olympian height and revelled in more fabulous wealth than at the beginning of our century in the small valley of the Ilm. If you want to measure the gigantic stature of Goethe, go to Weimar and look at the small town, the small street, the small house, the small rooms in which he lived. Weimar had then about ten thousand inhabitants, London has now nearly four millions. But as four millions is to ten thousand, so was the intellectual wealth of Goethe's Weimar compared to what we could find at present if we ransacked all our clubs and all our palaces. To me, whenever I can afford the time, to plunge once more into Goethe, Schiller, Herder,

* *Idyllisch*, see Goethe's Works (1833), vol. xlix., p. 132.

† Speaking of the correspondence between himself and Schiller, Goethe writes to Carlyle (26 July, 1829): "Mögen sie Ihnen als Zaubermagier zu Diensten stehen, um sich in die damalige Zeit in unsere Mitte zu versetzen, wo es eine unbedingte Strebsamkeit galt, wo niemand zu fordern dachte und nur zu verdienen bemüht war. Ich habe mir die vielen Jahre her den Sinn, das Gefühl jener Tage zu erhalten gesucht, und ich glaube, es soll mir fernerhin gelingen."

Wieland, Lessing—not to forget Jean Paul—is like taking a header into the sea at the end of a sultry day—it is a washing, a refreshing, a complete rejuvenescence all in one. And what it is to me, it will be to others who are wearied with the gaze of fools and pageants of the day. To pass an hour with Goethe now and then will reinvigorate our belief in the much-derided ideals of life, it will make us remember our common humanity, it will lift up our eyes beyond clouds and planets and comets to those fixed stars which, though they may be useless to lighten our streets, light up our minds with visions of heavens above heavens, and in the fierce tempests of life remain after all our only true guides to steer our vessel bravely through winds and waves to a safe harbor.

What, then, were Goethe's ideals? I am not so reckless as to try to raise that spirit before you in all his fulness—the old man covered with his mantle, whom no witch of Endor could conjure up. *Manysided* (*vielseitig*), it has been often said, is an adjective that belongs to Goethe by the same right as *venerable* belongs to Bede, *judicious* to Hooker. I shall confine my remarks to-day to one of his ideals only, one which he cherished with intense devotion, particularly during the closing years of his life, and for which his own countrymen have often rather blamed than praised him. I mean his *cosmopolitan sympathies*, and, more particularly, his constant endeavors after what he called *eine Welt-literatur*, a *world literature*. You know how much this idea, this dream, as wise people will call it, occupied Goethe's thoughts. When he wrote his preface to the German translation of Carlyle's "Life of Schiller," about two years before his death, he begins by giving his own thoughts on what he means by world-literature.

Many people [he says]* have been talking of a World-literature for some time, and not without some reason, for all nations, after having been shaken together by the most dreadful wars, and then being left again each to itself, could not but see that they had ob-

served and absorbed many strange things, and had felt here and there certain intellectual wants, heretofore unknown to them. Hence arose a sense of neighborly relations, and while formerly they had lived secluded, people now felt in their mind a growing desire to be received into the more or less free intellectual commerce of the whole world. This movement has lasted for a short time only, yet long enough to deserve consideration, so that we may derive from it as soon as possible, as in material commerce, profit and delight.

To see a man like Goethe watching the growth of every literature—not only English, French, Italian, Spanish, but Serbian, Bohemian, Lithuanian, modern Greek, Swedish, nay, Persian, Arabic, Sanskrit, and Chinese—and trying to find out what is true and beautiful in every one of them, is a real treat in an age when most critics imagine that their chief duty is to discover in every work of art not what is good, but what is bad. It sounds quite strange when reading Goethe, to hear in German the warmest praises of French and English literature, while at present no German newspaper, which looks for light from above, would dare to say a kind word of Victor Hugo or of Tennyson. The lesson which Goethe wished to teach was that the true poet, the true philosopher, the true historian, belongs not to one country only, but to the world at large. He belongs, not to the present only, but likewise to the past and to the future. We owe much of what we are and what we have to those who came before us, and in our hands rest the destinies of those who will come after us. It is under the sense of this universal responsibility, and in that world-embracing spirit, that Goethe thinks the highest intellectual work ought to be done. It was in communion with the past and with the future, and in sympathy with the whole world, that he himself achieved his greatest triumphs.

And why should this ideal of a universal republic of letters be called a dream? Anyhow, it is a dream that has been dreamt long before Goethe. It is we in the last four centuries of the world who have grown so very narrow-minded, so intensely national. Till about four hundred years ago all really great writers

* Goethe's Works, xlv., p. 233.

wrote for the world, and not for their own small country only. Nay, I make bold to say that some of the ideas to which Goethe gave such powerful expression, and which have often been called utopian, stirred more or less consciously in the minds of the earliest writers when they, for the first time, took their chisel to engrave on the walls of temples and pyramids what they had thought and what they had done during their short sojourn here on earth. With us writing has become a habit. But why did people first begin to write and erect monuments which they hoped would last forever?

I believe it was the same awakening spirit of human sympathy which Goethe preached, the same reverence for a past that was no more, the same faith in a future that was not yet, which led the great historical nations of the world to lay the first foundations of what we now call literature, and what to them was world-literature, so far as they could realize it. When we look at the Egyptian monuments, ornamented with their beautiful hieroglyphic inscriptions, when we examine the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, as it were embroidered with cuneiform writing, we may recognize even there the rudiments of a world-literature. Those ancient Egyptian and Babylonian scribes were thinking, not of their own time and their own country only, when busily engraving their primitive archives; they were thinking of us. They believed in a future of the human race, and, call it weakness or strength, they wished to be remembered by those who should come after them.

Such a belief in posterity marks indeed a new period in the growth of the human mind, it heralds the dawn of a new life. At first man lives for the present only, from day to day, from year to year. The first real step in advance is a regard for the past, so far as he knows it, a worship of his ancestors, a belief in their continued existence, nay, even in their power to reward and to punish him. After that belief in a distant past follows a belief in a distant future, and from these two combined beliefs springs the first feeling of humanity in our hearts, the conviction that we are

by indissoluble bonds connected with those that came before us, and those who will come after us, that we form one universal family on earth. As these feelings grow up slowly and gradually in our own heart, so they required long periods of growth in the history of the world, but among the most favored races they asserted their powerful influence at a very early time.

Let us look first of all at the Egyptians, who seem to me to possess the consciousness of the most distant, an almost immeasurable past. They did not adorn their temples with inscriptions of their own pleasure only. They had a clear idea of the past and of the future of the world in which they lived; and so as they cherished the recollections of the past, they wished themselves to be remembered by unknown generations in times to come. The biographical inscription of Aahmes, a captain of marines of the eighteenth dynasty, is addressed, as Champollion says, "to the whole human race" (*l'et-a-en-ten ret neb, loquor vobis hominibus omnibus*). A monument in the Louvre (A. 84) says: "I speak to you who shall come a million of years after my death."

These are the inscriptions of private persons. Kings, naturally, are still more anxious that posterity and the world at large should be informed of their deeds. Thus Sishak I., the conqueror of Judah, prays in one of his inscriptions at Silsilis: "My gracious Lord, Amon, grant that my words may live for hundreds of thousands of years."

The great Harris papyrus, which records the donations of Rameses III. to the temples of Egypt together with some important political events, was written to exhibit to "the gods, to men now living and to unborn generations (*hamemet*), the many good works and valorous deeds which he did upon earth, as great king of Egypt."*

Whatever other motives, high or low, may have influenced the authors of these hieroglyphic inscriptions, one of them was

* I have to thank Mr. le Page Renouf, the worthy successor of Dr. Birch at the British Museum, for these and a large number of similar inscriptions found among Egyptian antiquities.

certainly their love or fear of humanity, their dim conviction that they belonged to a race which would go on forever filling the earth, and to which they were bound by some kind of moral responsibility. They wrote for the world, and it is in that sense that I call their writings the first germs of a world-literature.

And as in Egypt so it was in Babylon, Nineveh, and Persia. When the dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris had learnt that nothing seemed to endure, that fire and water would destroy wood and stone, even silver and gold, they took clay and baked it, and hid the cylinders, covered with cuneiform writing, in the foundations of their temples, so that even after the destruction of these temples and palaces future generations might read the story of the past. And there in their safe hiding-places these cylinders have been found again after three thousand years, unharmed by water, unscathed by fire, and fulfilling the very purpose for which they were intended, carrying to us the living message which the ancient rulers of Chaldaea wished that we, their distant descendants, should receive.

Often these inscriptions end with imprecations against those who should dare to injure or efface them.

At Khorsabad, at the very interior of the construction, was found a large stone chest, which enclosed several inscribed plates in various materials — one tablet of gold, one of silver, others of copper, lead, and tin; a sixth text was engraved on alabaster, and the seventh document was written on the chest itself. They all commemorate the foundation of a city by a famous king, commonly called Sargon, and they end with an imprecation: "Whoever alters the works of my hand, destroys my constructions, pulls down the walls which I have raised, may Asshur, Ninib, Ramân, and the great gods who dwell there, pluck his name and seed from the land, and let him sit bound at the feet of his foe."*

The famous inscription of Behistun, a lasting monument of the victories of Darius and of the still more glorious victory of Sir Henry Rawlinson, was placed high on a mountain wall, where no one could touch and but few could read it. It was written not in Persian only, not for the Persians only, but in three dialects — an Aryan, a Semitic, and a Turanian, so that the three peoples, nations, and languages might all read and remember the mighty

deeds of Darius, the Achæmenian, the king of kings. And when all is finished and all is said, Darius, the king, adds: "Be it known to thee what has been done by me, thus publicly, on that account that thou conceal not. If thou publish this tablet to the world, Ormazd shall be a friend to thee, and may thy offspring be numerous, and mayst thou live long. But if thou shalt conceal this record, thou shalt not be thyself recorded. May Ormazd be thy enemy and mayst thou be childless."*

It seems to me that such words were written in the prophetic spirit of a world-literature. And the same spirit may be traced in Greece, in Rome, and elsewhere.

When Thucydides writes his history of the Peloponnesian war, he looks back to the past and forward to the future, and then pronounces with complete assurance his conviction that this book of his is to last forever, that it is to teach future generations not only what has happened, but what may happen again; that it is to be a *κρίμα ἐς ἄελ*, a possession forever.

Few historians now would venture to speak like this, even those who write their works here in London, the central city of the whole world, and with all the recollections of two thousand years behind them. But the Romans had inherited the same spirit. We all admire Horace, but there have been many poets like him, both before and after his time, and it required a considerable amount of self consciousness and a strong belief in the future destinies of Rome and Roman literature to end his odes with the words, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius* —

I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,

Soaring more high than royal pyramids,
Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain-drops,

Nor the vain rush of Boreas shall destroy;

Nor shall it pass away with the unnumbered

Series of ages and the flight of time:

I shall not wholly die.†

Even when we proceed to the literature of the Middle Ages, we seldom find any trace of national exclusiveness. The only literary language was Latin — the language of the Church, the language of law, the language of diplomacy — and what was written in that language was meant to be understood by the whole civilized world. A world-literature, therefore, so far from being a modern dream, was one

* Chaldaea, by Z. Ragozin, p. 116.

* Rawlinson, Inscription of Behistun, p. 36.

† Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

of the most ancient historical realities. It was not till the eleventh and twelfth centuries that national literatures arose, and that, as before in the land of Shinar, the language of men was confounded so that they did not understand one another's speech. This dispersion of literatures has had its advantages; it has increased the wealth and variety of European thought. But it had its dangers also. It divided the greatest thinkers of the world, and thus retarded the victory of many a truth which cannot triumph except by the united efforts of the whole human race. It also produced a certain small self-sufficiency among poets, who thought that they might accept the applause of their own country as the final judgment of the world. Many writers before Goethe had protested against this provincialism or nationalism in literature. Schiller declared that the poet ought to be a citizen not only of his country, but of his time. But Goethe was the first to give powerful expression to these longings after a universal literature. Goethe was not such a dreamer as to believe in the near approach of a universal language, though even that dream has been dreamt by men of far more powerful intellect than their deriding critics seem to be aware of. Goethe accepted the world as it was, but he endeavored to make the best of it. What he aimed at was a kind of intellectual free trade. Each country should produce what it could produce best, and the ports of every country should welcome intellectual merchandise from whatever part of the world it might be sent. Some articles, no doubt, particularly in poetry, would always be reserved for home consumption only; but the great poets and great thinkers ought never to forget that they belong to the whole human race, and that the higher the aim the stronger the effort, and the greater the triumph.

When you look at the numerous passages, more particularly in his posthumous writings, you will easily perceive that though Goethe's sympathies were very universal, yet his strongest leaning was towards England. Had he not been nursed in his youth and reinvigorated by Shakespeare? Was not Sir Walter Scott his favorite food in later life, and did not Lord Byron's poetry excite him even in his old age to a kind of dithyrambic enthusiasm? And England at that time responded with equal warmth to Goethe's advances. "Line upon line," as an eminent writer said in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1850—"line upon line, precept

upon precept, Goethe's writings have found their way into English literature, and he is as much one of the fathers of the present educated generation of Englishmen as our own Gibbon, or Johnson, or Wordsworth."

No episode, however, during the closing years of Goethe's life is more instructive as to his endeavors after a world-literature than his friendship with Carlyle. Carlyle, as you may remember from reading Mr. Froude's eloquent volumes, learnt German with nothing but a grammar and dictionary to help him, because he wanted to see with his own eyes what those men, Schiller and Goethe, really were—names which, as he tells us, excited at that time ideas as vague and monstrous as the words Gorgon and Chimæra. The first tasks which he set himself to do was to write a "Life of Schiller," and to translate Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Carlyle at that time would have seemed the very last person to feel any real sympathy for Goethe. He was still a raw, narrow-minded, scrawpily educated Scotchman, with strong moral sentiments and a vague feeling that he was meant to do some great work in the world. But otherwise his ideals were very different from Goethe's ideals of life. Nor does he make any secret to himself or to his friends of what his true feelings toward Schiller and Goethe were at that time. Schiller, who, we might suppose, would have attracted him far more strongly than Goethe, repelled him by what he calls his *æsthetics*.

Schiller* [he writes] was a very worthy character, possessed of great talents, and fortunate in always finding means to employ them in the attainment of worthy ends. The pursuit of the beautiful, the representing it in suitable forms, and the diffusion of feelings arising from it, operated as a kind of religion in his soul. He talks in some of his essays about the æsthetic being a necessary means of improvement among political societies. His efforts in this cause accordingly not only satisfied the restless activity, the desire of creating and working upon others, which form the great want of an educated mind, but yielded a sort of balance to his conscience. He viewed himself as an apostle of the sublime. Pity that he had no better way of satisfying it. One is tired to death with his and Goethe's *palabra* about the nature of the fine arts. They pretend that Nature gives people true intimations of true, hearty, and just principles in art; that the *bildende Künstler* and the *richtende* (the creative and the critical artist) ought to investigate the true foundation of these obscure intima-

* Froude, Thomas Carlyle, vol. i, p. 196.

tions, and set them fast on the basis of reason. Stuff and nonsense, I fear it is! . . . Poor silly sons of Adam! you have been prating on these things for two or three thousand years, and you have not advanced a hair's breadth towards the conclusion. Poor fellows, and poorer me, that take the trouble to repeat such insipidities and truisms.

Here we see a Saul, not likely yet to be turned into a Paul. Miss Welsh, too, whom Carlyle at that time was worshipping as a distant star far beyond his reach, could not bear Goethe and poor little Mignon. Carlyle tries to reprove her. "O, the hardness of man's and still more of woman's heart!" he exclaimed. And yet he gives in. "Do what you like," he adds; "seriously, you are right about the book. It is worth next to nothing as a novel."

Still, the book told slowly and surely on the rugged, hard-hearted critic; but perhaps more even than the book the personal kindness of Goethe. Goethe was in a good mood when he received Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister." He was thinking of his world-literature, and here, quite unexpectedly, came the first fruits of it. We must remember that at that time a translation of a German book was an event. At present an English translation is generally a mere bookseller's speculation. People do not ask whether the book is good, original, classical, but whether it is possible to sell a thousand copies of it with the help of a few telling reviews. With Carlyle the translation of "Wilhelm Meister" was a labor of love, and he was probably surprised when an English publisher offered him £180 for the first edition, and afterwards £200 for every new edition of a thousand copies. "Any way," he says, "I am paid sufficiently for my labors."

This was in 1824. Goethe was then seventy-five, Carlyle twenty-nine. The correspondence was carried on till the year 1831, Goethe's last letter being dated the 2nd of June of that year, while he died on the 22nd of March, 1832. It may be imagined how Carlyle valued Goethe's letters, how he treasured them as the most precious jewels of his household. I was told that he gave them to Mrs. Carlyle to keep in a safe place. But, alas! after her death they could nowhere be found. It was a painful subject with the old man, and a grievous loss to his biographer. Mr. Froude tells us in his "Life of Carlyle" that copies of one or two of Goethe's letters, which Carlyle had sent to his brother, were recovered, and these

have been translated and published by Mr. Froude.

As soon as I heard that the archives of the Goethe family had become accessible, having been bequeathed by the last of his grandsons, Walther Wolfgang, to her Royal Highness the grand duchess of Saxe-Weimar, I made inquiries whether possibly Goethe, as he was wont to do in his later years, had preserved copies of his letters to Carlyle. I was informed by Professor Erich Schmidt that copies of most of Goethe's letters to Carlyle existed; and on making application for them in the name of my old friend, Mr. Froude, her Royal Highness the grand duchess gave permission that copies should be made of them, which Mr. Froude might publish in his new edition of the "Life of Carlyle," and which I might use for my opening address as president of the English Goethe Society.

It was really the unexpected possession of this literary treasure* which emboldened me to accept your kind invitation to become the first president of the English Goethe Society, and which induced me to select as the subject of my inaugural address Goethe's ideal of a *world literature*, a subject which I might thus venture to treat with the hope of bringing something new even to such experienced students of Goethe as I see to-day assembled around me. For it is in his letters to Carlyle that this idea finds its fullest expression. Carlyle was the very man that Goethe wanted, for, however different their characters might be, they had one object in common, Carlyle to preach German literature in England, Goethe to spread a taste for English literature in Germany. And how powerful personal influence can be, we see in the very relation which soon sprang up between the mature and stately German and the impetuous Scot. Carlyle, as we saw, was as yet but a half-hearted admirer of Schiller and Goethe, but the nearer he was brought to Goethe and the more he came to know the man and his ideals in life, the stronger grew his admiration and his love of the old prophet, whose name, he says, had floated through his fancy like a sort of spell over his boyhood, and whose thoughts had come to him in his maturer years almost with the impressiveness of revelations. Goethe seems from the first

* There is a rumor that the originals have lately been found in an old box and forwarded to America, to be published by Mr. Charles Norton. See Dr. Eugen Oswald's article in the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, April 24, 1886.

to have trusted Carlyle's honesty, and to have formed a right opinion of his literary powers. Of course, Carlyle was hardly known in England at that time, much less in Germany, and there is a curious entry in Goethe's diary, or, as he calls them, *Concept hefte*, from which it appears that he made private inquiries about him and his character. In a note addressed to Mr. Skinner, who spent some time at Weimar, and died there in 1829,* Goethe writes on the 20th May, 1827:—

Thomas Carlyle, domiciled at Edinburgh, translator of "Wilhelm Meister," author of a "Life of Schiller," has published lately in four volumes octavo a work entitled "German Romance," containing all tales in prose of any name. I should like much to learn what is known of his circumstances and his studies, and what English and German journals may have said of him. He is in every respect a highly interesting man. If you like sometimes to spend an hour with me in the evening, you are always welcome. There are always many things to discuss and communicate. Written in my garden, the 20th May, 1827.

At that time, however, the correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle was already progressing. Carlyle tells us himself, in a letter to his brother, with what delight he received Goethe's first letter, which was written the 26th of October, 1824.† He was then lodging in Southampton Street, in very bad humor with the world at large, and particularly with the literary world of London, which he calls the poorest part of its population at present. On the 18th of December, he writes to his brother, John Carlyle:—

The other afternoon, as I was lying dozing in a brown study after dinner, a lord's lackey knocked at the door and presented me with a little blue parcel, requiring for it a note of delivery. I opened it, and found two pretty stitched little books and a letter from Goethe. I copy it and send it for your edification. The patriarchal style of it pleases me much ‡

* Weimar, October 26, 1824.

"MY DEAREST SIR,—If I did not acknowledge on the spot the safe arrival of your welcome present, it was because I was unwilling to send you an empty acknowledgment merely, but I purposed to add some careful remarks on a work so honorable to you.

"My advanced years, however, burdened as they are with many unavoidable duties, have prevented me from comparing your translation

at my leisure with the original text—a more difficult undertaking, perhaps, for me than for some third person thoroughly familiar with German and English literature. Since, however, I have at the present moment an opportunity, through Lord Bentinck, of forwarding this note safely to London, and at the same time of bringing about an acquaintance between yourself and Lord Bentinck which may be agreeable to both of you, I delay no longer to thank you sincerely for the interest which you have taken in my literary works as well as in the incidents of my life, and to entreat you earnestly to continue the same interest for the future also. It may be that hereafter I shall yet hear much of you. I send herewith a number of poems which you will scarcely have seen, but with which I venture to hope that you will feel a certain sympathy. With the most sincere good wishes, your most obedient

"J. W. GOETHE."

After this there seems to have been a long pause, for the next letter from Goethe is dated Weimar, May 15, 1827. This is only a short acknowledgment of a pleasant parcel received from Carlyle, evidently containing his "Life of Schiller," and a promise of a fuller letter which is to follow.

To Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Edinburgh.

I announce hurriedly that the pleasant parcel accompanied by a kind letter, dispatched from Edinburgh on the 15th of April, *via* Hamburg, reached me on the 15th May, and found me in good health and busy for my friends. To my sincerest thanks to the esteemed couple (Carlyle was married by this time), I will add the information that a packet will shortly be dispatched from here, likewise *via* Hamburg, to attest my sympathy and to recall me to your minds. I take my leave with best and sincerest wishes.

In the mean time Goethe, after reading Carlyle's "Life of Schiller," had evidently taken his young friend's true measure. He thought he had found in him the very man he had been looking for, the interpreter of German thought in England, and in July of the same year he wrote him a very full letter, which may almost be called an essay of world literature.* In his conversations with Eckermann he speaks of Carlyle "as a moral power of great importance. There is much future in him," he adds, "and it is quite impossible to see all that he may do and produce."† Before I read you some of the more important passages of this and the following letters, I wish to call your attention to a curious fact which I discovered while examining the copies sent me from Weimar.

* In Goethe's letter dated 25th June, 1829 (8).

† Froude, Thomas Carlyle, i. 265.

‡ Froude, Life of Carlyle, i. p. 265. The translation has been but slightly altered in one or two places in accordance with the original of Goethe's letter sent to me from Weimar.

* Froude, i. 399.

† Gespräche mit Eckermann, July 25, 1828

Several passages seemed to me so familiar that I began to look through Goethe's works, and here, particularly in the volumes published after his death, I found long passages of his letters to Carlyle worked up into short reviews. Here and there Goethe has made slight alterations, evidently intended as improvements, and these, too, are curious as allowing us an insight into Goethe's mind. I also came across several letters of Carlyle's to Goethe, probably translated into German by Goethe himself. These are interesting too, but as the originals have been found in the Goethe archives, and will soon be published by Mr. Charles Norton, I need not quote them at present.

In his third letter to Carlyle, after the usual preliminaries, Goethe writes:—

Let me, in the first place, tell you, my dear sir, how very highly I esteem your "Biography of Schiller." It* is remarkable for the careful study which it displays of the incidents of Schiller's life, and one clearly perceives in it a study of his works and a hearty sympathy with him. The complete insight which you have thus obtained into the character and high merits of this man is really admirable, so clear it is and so appropriate, so far beyond what might have been looked for in a writer in a distant country.

Here the old saying is verified, "A good will helps to a full understanding." It is just because the Scot can look with affection on a German, and can honor and love him, that he acquires a sure eye for that German's finest qualities. He raises himself into a clearness of vision which Schiller's own countrymen could not arrive at in earlier days. For those who live with superior men are easily mistaken in their judgments. Personal peculiarities irritate them. The swift-changing current of life displaces their points of view, and hinders them from perceiving and recognizing the true worth of such men. Schiller, however, was of so exceptional a nature that the biographer had only to keep the idea of an excellent man before his eyes, and carry that idea through all his individual destinies and achievements, and he would see his task accomplished.†

* From here to "his task accomplished," the text is found in Goethe's Works (1833) vol. xxvii., p. 230.

† The next paragraphs are found, with slight alterations, evidently of later date, in Goethe's Works (1833), xlvii., p. 254. Whereas in his draft Goethe wrote *Kenntniß*, he altered it to *Vorkenntniß* in the letter he sent to Carlyle, and retained that word in his notice of "German Romance." There is one paragraph added by Goethe, when speaking of the impartiality with which a foreigner treats the history of German literature, which deserves to be translated. In his letter he breaks off after "he gives individuals their credit each in his place." In his review of "German Romance," he continues: "And thus to a certain extent settles the conflict which within the literature of every nation is inevitable; for to live and to act is much the same as to form or to join a party. No one can be

After some remarks on Carlyle's "German Romance," Goethe is evidently anxious to unburden himself on the subject of world literature, which was nearest to his heart. Probably he had jotted down his own thoughts on several occasions before, and so he abruptly says to Carlyle:—

Let me add a few observations, which I have long harbored in silence, and which have been stirred up by these present works.

It is curious that in the published review of "German Romance," too, Goethe uses the same artifice. After he has compared the mind of the foreign historian to the calm and brightness of a moonlight night, he writes:—

In this place, some observations, written down some time ago, may stand interpolated, even if people should find that I repeat myself, so long as it is allowed at the same time that repetition may serve some useful purpose.

Then follow his observations on the advantage of international literary relations, which I shall read to you:—

It is obvious that for a long time the efforts of the best poets and æsthetic writers throughout the world have been directed towards what is universal, and common to all mankind. In every single work, be it historical, mythological, fabulous, more or less arbitrarily conceived, we shall see the universal more and more showing and shining through what is merely national and individual.*

In practical life we perceive the same tendency, which pervades all that is of the earth earthy, crude, wild, cruel, false, selfish, treacherous, and tries everywhere to spread a certain serenity. We may not indeed hope from this the approach of an era of universal peace; but yet that strifes which are unavoidable may grow less extreme, wars less savage, and victory less overbearing.

Whatever in the poetry of all nations aims and tends towards this, is what the others should appropriate. The peculiarities of each nation should be studied, so that we should be able to make allowance for them—nay, gain by their means real intercourse with a nation. For the special characteristics of a people are like its language and its currency; they facilitate exchange—nay, they first make exchange possible.

blamed if he fights for place and rank, which secures his existence, and gives him influence which promises future happy success.

"If thus the horizon is often darkened during many years for those who live within a literature, the foreigner lets dust, mist, and darkness settle down, disperse and vanish, and sees those distant regions revealed in bright and dark spots with the same calmness with which we are wont to observe the moon in a clear night."

* Goethe, in his letter to Carlyle, wrote: "*Jeder Nationalität und Persönlichkeit hindurch* . . . *durch leuchten und durch schimmern sein*." In the printed paper he changed *hindurch* into *hin*.

The next paragraph is not in the printed text of Goethe's review; it was meant for Carlyle alone:—

Pardon me, my dear sir, for these remarks, which perhaps are not quite coherent, not to be scanned all at once. They are drawn from the great ocean of observations, which, as life passes on, swells up more and more round every thinking person.

A truly Goethean sentence, which I must repeat in German:—

Verzeihen sie mir, mein Werthester, diese vielleicht nicht ganz zusammenhängenden, noch alsbald zu überschauenden Ausserungen. Sie sind geschöpft aus dem Ocean der Betrachtungen, der um jeden Denkenden mit den Jahren immer mehr anschwillt.

He then continues:—

Let me add some more observations, which I wrote down on another occasion, but which apply specially to the business on which you are now engaged.

What follows next, on the advantages of a free literary exchange between nation and nation has been utilized by Goethe in the same article on "German Romance":—

We arrive best at a true toleration when we can let pass individual peculiarities, whether of persons or peoples, without quarrelling with them; holding fast, nevertheless, to the conviction that genuine excellence is distinguished by this mark, that *it belongs to all mankind*. To such intercourse and mutual recognition the Germans have long contributed.

He who knows and studies German finds himself in a market where the wares of all countries are offered for sale; while he enriches himself he is officiating as interpreter.

A translator, therefore, should be regarded as a trader in this great spiritual commerce, and as one who makes it his business to advance the exchange of commodities. For, say what we will of the inadequacy of translation, it always will be among the weightiest and worst factors in the world's affairs.

The Koran says that God has given each people a prophet in his own tongue. Each translator is also a prophet to his people. The effects of Luther's translation of the Bible have been immeasurable, though criticism has been at work picking holes in it to the present day. What is the enormous business of the Bible Society but to make known the Gospel to every nation in its own tongue?

Carlyle felt proud, as well he might, as the recipient of such letters from Goethe. "A ribbon with the order of the Garter," he wrote to his mother, "would scarcely have flattered either of us more." In his replies he expressed his warmest sympathy with Goethe's ideas. I wish I could

give you some fragments at least of Carlyle's correspondence, but the originals, which are preserved at Weimar, have been confided to much worthier hands, and will soon be published, I hope, by Mr. Charles Norton. In the mean time, all I can do is to try to re-translate one of Carlyle's letters from Goethe's German translation into English—a bold undertaking, I confess, but one for which, under the circumstances, I may claim your indulgence:—

December 22, 1829.

I have read a second time, with no small satisfaction, the "Correspondence" (between Schiller and Goethe), and send off to-day to the *Foreign Review* an article on Schiller, founded on it. You will be pleased to hear that a knowledge and appreciation of foreign, and particularly of German, literature is spreading with increasing speed as far as rules the English tongue, so that among the Antipodes, even in New Holland, the wise men of your country are preaching their wisdom. I heard lately that even at Oxford and Cambridge, our two English Universities, which have hitherto been considered the strongholds of our peculiar insular conservatism, things begin to move. Your Niebuhr has found an able translator at Cambridge, and at Oxford two or three Germans have sufficient occupation as teachers of their language. The new light may be too strong for certain eyes, but no one can doubt of the good results which in the end will arise from it. Let only nations, like individuals, know each other, and the mutual hatred will be changed into mutual help, and instead of natural enemies, as neighboring countries are sometimes called, we shall all become natural friends.

In another letter from Goethe to Carlyle, dated August 8, 1828, there are some more interesting remarks on the high functions of the translator. They are called forth by Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," and though they have been used by Goethe in a short review of this work, they deserve to be quoted here in their freshness as addressed to Carlyle:—

The translation of "Wallenstein" made quite a peculiar impression upon me. The whole time that Schiller was working at this drama I hardly left his side; and after I had thus become thoroughly acquainted with the piece, I co-operated with him in putting it on the stage. In this task I met with more trouble and vexation than I might fairly have expected, and I had finally to be present at the successive representations, in order to bring the difficult theatrical presentation to higher and higher perfection. You may imagine, therefore, that this glorious piece became at

length quite trivial, nay, even repugnant to me. For twenty years I have neither seen or read it. But now that quite unexpectedly I see it again in the language of Shakespeare, it suddenly appears before me in all its details, like a newly varnished picture, and I delight in it as of yore, but also in a new and peculiar way. Tell this to the translator with my greetings, and do not omit to add that the preface, written just in that same sympathetic tone which I referred to before, gave me great pleasure. Let me also know his name, so that he may stand forth as an individual person in the chorus of Philo-Germans. This suggests to me a new observation, perchance hardly realized, and probably never uttered before — namely, that the translator does not work for his own nation only, but also for the nation from whose language he has transferred the work. For it happens oftener than one imagines that a nation draws the sap and thought out of a work, and absorbs it so entirely in its own inner life, that it can no longer take any pleasure in it or draw from it any nourishment. This is particularly the case with the Germans, who use up all too quickly anything that is offered them, and who, by reproducing and altering a work in many ways, annihilate it to a certain extent. Hence it is very salutary if what is their own appears before them again at a later time endowed with fresh life by the help of a successful translation.

With the same warmth with which Goethe greeted Coleridge's translation of "Wallenstein," he received Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon." In a letter to Carlyle, dated December 27, 1827, he writes :—

If you see Mr. Walter Scott thank him most warmly in my name for his dear, cheerful letter, written exactly in that beautiful conviction that man must be dear to his Maker. I have also received his "Life of Napoleon," and have in these winter evenings and nights read it through attentively from beginning to end. To me it was highly significant to see how the first master of narrative in this century takes upon himself so uncommon a task, and brings before us in calm succession those momentous events which we ourselves were compelled to witness. The division by chapters into large and well-defined portions, renders the complicated events distinct and comprehensible; and thus the narration of single events becomes, what is most inestimable, perfectly clear and visible. I read it in the original, and thus it impressed me as it ought. It is a patriotic Briton who speaks, who cannot well look on the acts of the enemy with favorable eyes, and who, as an honest citizen, wants to see all political undertakings brought into harmony with the demands of morality, who, in the happy course of his enemy's good fortune, threatens him with disastrous consequences, and is unable to pity him even in his bitterest disgrace.

And further, this work was of the greatest importance to me, in that it not only reminded me of things which I had myself witnessed, but brought before me afresh much that had been overlooked at the time. It placed me on an unexpected standpoint; made me reconsider what I had thought settled, while I was also enabled to do justice to the opponents who cannot be wanting of so important a work, and to appreciate fairly the exceptions which they take from their point of view. You will see by this that no more valuable gift could have reached me at the end of the year.

And now follows a true Goethean sentence, which it is difficult to render in English :—

Es ist dieses Werk mir zu einem goldenem Netze geworden, womit ich die Schattenbilder meines vergangenen Lebens aus den letheischen Fluthen mit reichen Zuge heraufzufischen mich beschäftige.

This work has become to me a kind of golden net, wherewith I have been busily drawing up in a miraculous draught the shadows of my past life from the flood of Lethe.

Thus we see Goethe busy day and night in gathering in the treasures of foreign literature, and establishing friendly relations with the foremost representatives of poetry, art, and science, not only in England, but in every country in Europe. He saw the era of a world literature approaching, and he did his best in the evening of his life to accelerate its advent.

In a letter of Goethe's dated October 5, 1830, we see how anxious the old man became that the threads which he had spun, and which united him with so many eminent correspondents in different parts of the world, should not be broken after his death. Goethe himself had become an international poet in the full sense of the word. He knew the excellent effects which had been produced, even during his lifetime, from the more intimate relations established between himself and some representative men in England, France, Italy, and Spain, and he wished to see them perpetuated. Thus, when sending Carlyle the German translation of his "Life of Schiller," he tells him that he wished to bring him and his Berlin friends into more active and fruitful intercourse. He had Carlyle elected an honorary member of the Berlin Society for Foreign Literature, and requested him to send some acknowledgment in return.

At my time of life [he writes] it must be a matter of concern to me to see the various ties which centred in me linked on again elsewhere, so as to hasten the object which every good

man desires and must desire, namely, to spread, even unobserved and often hindered, a certain harmonious and liberal sentiment throughout the world. Thus many things can settle down peaceably at once, without being first scattered and driven about before they are brought into some kind of order, and even then not without great loss. May you be successful in making the good points of the Germans better known to your nation, as we, too, are unceasing in our endeavors to make the good points of foreign nations clear to our own people.

In another letter (dated Weimar, 27 December, 1827) Goethe dwells on the softening influence which travelling in Germany, and prolonged stays in German towns produced on young Englishmen, fitting them to become in later life connecting links between the two countries. As this letter throws some light on the simple, yet refined, life at Weimar, to which I referred in the beginning of my address, I shall give a longer extract from it:—

While books and periodicals at present join nations, so to speak, by the mail-post, intelligent travellers also contribute not a little to the same object. Mr. Heavyside who visited you (Carlyle never refers to this visit) has brought back to us many pleasant tidings of yourself and your surroundings, and will probably have given you a full description of our life and doings in Weimar. As tutor of the young Hopes, he spent some pleasant and useful years in our modest, yet richly endowed and animated circle. I hear that the Hope family are quite satisfied with the education which the young men were enabled to acquire here. And, indeed, this place unites many advantages for young men, and especially for those of your nation. The double court of the reigning and the hereditary family, where they are always received with kindness and liberality, forces them by the very favor which is shown them, to a refined demeanor, at various social amusements. The rest of our society keeps them likewise within certain pleasant restraints, so that anything rude and unbecoming in their conduct is gradually eliminated. In intercourse with our beautiful and cultivated women they find occupation and satisfaction for heart, mind, and imagination, and are thus preserved from all those dissipations to which youth gives itself up more from *ennui* than from necessity. This free discipline is perhaps inconceivable in any other place, and it is pleasant to see that those members of our society who have gone from here to try life at Berlin or Dresden have very soon returned to us again. Moreover, our women keep up a lively correspondence with Great Britain, and thus prove that actual presence is not absolutely essential to keep alive and continue a well founded esteem. And I must not omit that all friends, as, for instance, just now Mr. Lawrence, return to us from time to time,

and delight in taking up at once the charming threads of earlier intercourse. Mr. Parry has concluded a residence of many years with a good marriage.

Goethe, however, was not simply a literary man; he was a man, a complete man, and his interests in a world literature had their deepest roots in his strong human heart. "He was neither noble nor plebeian," to quote the words of the *Foreign Review* (iii. 87). "neither liberal nor servile, neither infidel nor devotee, but the best excellence of all of them, joined in pure union, a clear and universal man. Napoleon, too, when he had seen Goethe and conversed with him, could say no more than *Voilà un homme!* His own countrymen, however, often blamed Goethe for his wide human sympathies, and his want of national sentiment—most unjustly, I think, for when the time of trial came, he proved himself as good a patriot as many who tried to be more eloquent than Goethe in their patriotic songs and sermons. Goethe had his faults and weaknesses, but there is one redeeming feature in his character which atones for almost everything—he was thoroughly true. He was too great to dissemble. He could not pretend to be a patriot in the sense in which Arndt, Jahn, and Schill were patriots. "I should have been miserable," he says, "if I had made up my mind ever to dissemble or to lie. But as I was strong enough to show myself exactly as I was and as I felt, I was considered proud." O that we had more of that pride, and less of the miserable pretence of unreal sentiment! National sentiment is right and good, but we must not forget that national sentiment is a limited and limiting sentiment, particularly to a mind of such universal grasp as Goethe. We were told not long ago by the greatest English orator,—

that there is a local patriotism which in itself is not bad, but good. The Welshman is full of local patriotism, the Scotchman is full of local patriotism, the Scotch nationality is as strong as it ever was, and should the occasion arise—which I believe it never can—it will be as ready to assert itself as in the days of Bannockburn. I do not believe that that local patriotism is an evil. I believe it is stronger in Ireland even than in Scotland. Englishmen are eminently English, Scotchmen are profoundly Scotch, and, if I read Irish history aright, misfortune and calamity have wedded her sons to her soil. The Irishman is more profoundly Irish, but [Mr. Gladstone adds] it does not follow that because his local patriotism is keen, he is incapable of Imperial patriotism.

Nor does it follow that because our Imperial patriotism is keen, our hearts are incapable of larger sympathies. There is something higher even than Imperial patriotism. Our sympathies are fostered at home, but they soon pass the limits of our family and our clan, and embrace the common interests of city, county, party, and country. Should they stop there? Should we forever look upon what is outside our Chinese walls as foreign, barbarian, and hateful, we more particularly, the nations of Europe in whose veins runs the same Aryan, nay the same Teutonic, blood, and who profess a religion which, if it is anything, is a world religion? Goethe, feeling at home among the monuments of past greatness, and in harmony with the spirits of all true poets and prophets of the world, could not confine his sympathies within the narrow walls of Weimar, not even within the frontiers of Germany. Where he found beauty and nobility there he felt at home; wherever he could make himself truly useful, there was his country. Patriotism is a duty, and in times of danger it may become an enthusiasm. We want patriotism, just as we want municipal spirit, nay, even clannishness and family pride. But all these are steps leading higher and higher till we can repeat with some of the greatest men the words of Terence, "I count nothing strange to me that is human."

There is no lack of international literature now. The whole world seems writing, reading, and talking together. The same telegrams which we are reading in London are read at the same time in Paris, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, New York, Alexandria, Calcutta, Sydney, and Peking. The best newspapers, English, French or German, are read wherever people are able to read. Goethe was struck with the number of languages into which the Bible had been translated in his time. What would he say now, when the British and Foreign Bible Society alone has published translations in two hundred and sixty-seven languages? Goethe was proud when he saw his "Wilhelm Meister" in an English garb. Every season now produces a rich crop of sensational international novels. Our very schoolbooks are largely used not only in America, but in Burmah, Siam, China, and Japan. Newton's "Principia" are studied in Chinese, and the more modern works of Herschel, Lyell, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Lockyer, have created in the far East the same commotion as in Europe. Even books

like my own, which stir up no passions, and can appeal to the narrow circle of scholars only, have been sent to me, translated not only into the principal languages of Europe, but into Bengali, Mahratti, Guzerathi, Japanese — nay, even into Sanskrit.

A world literature, such as Goethe longed for, has to a great extent been realized, but the blessings which he expected from it have not yet come, at least not in that fulness in which he hoped for them. There have been, no doubt, since Goethe's time great thinkers and writers, who felt their souls warmed and their powers doubled by the thought that their work would be judged, not by a small clique of home critics only, but by their true peers in the whole world. Goethe himself points out how much more unprejudiced, how much more pure and sure the opinion of foreign critics has been to him and to Schiller, and the old saying has often been confirmed since, that the judgment of foreign nations anticipates the judgment of posterity.

But the greatest blessing which Goethe hoped for from the spreading of a world literature — namely, that there should spring up a real love between nation and nation — has not yet been vouchsafed. Of this he speaks in one of his letters to Carlyle with a kind of patriarchal unction.

Goethe had received the early numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and was much pleased with an article on German literature, on Ernst Schulze, Hoffmann, and the German Theatre, which he ascribed to Carlyle's pen.

I fancy [he writes in a letter dated the 27th of December, 1827] I recognize in it the hand of my English friend, for it would be truly wonderful if old Britain should have produced a pair of Menaechmi, both equally capable and willing to picture the literary culture of a foreign continental country, divided from their own by geographical, moral, and æsthetic differences; and to describe it in the same quiet, cheerful tone, and with the same thoughtfulness, modesty, thoroughness, clear-sightedness, perspicuity, exhaustiveness, and whatever good qualities might still be added. The other criticisms, too, in so far as I have read them, seem to me to show insight, mastery, and moderation on a solid basis of national feeling. And though I esteem very highly the cosmopolitan works, such as, for instance, Dupin's, still the remarks of the reviewer on p. 496 of vol. ii. were very welcome to me. The same applies to much that is stated in connection with the religious strife in Silesia.

I intend in the next number of *Kunst und*

Alterthum, to make friendly mention of these approaches from afar, and shall recommend such a reciprocal treatment to my friends at home and abroad, finally declaring as my own, and inculcating as the essence of true wisdom, the Testament of St. John, "Little children, love one another." I may surely hope that this saying may not seem so strange to my contemporaries as it did to the disciples of the Evangelist, who expected from him a very different and higher revelation.

And yet these last words of Goethe sound strange to us also, stranger even, it may be, than to his contemporaries. The great nations of Europe have been brought nearer together. We have international exhibitions, international congresses, international journals, but of international love and esteem we have less than ever. Europe has become like a menagerie of wild beasts, ready to fly at each other whenever it pleases their keepers to open the gates. Why should that be so? Sweet reason has been able to compose family quarrels. In society at large people do not come to blows; and duels, though tolerated in some countries as survivals of a barbarous age, are everywhere condemned by the law. Why should it be considered seemly for every country to keep legions of fighting men, ready to kill and to be killed for their country, if it should please emperors and kings, or, still more frequently, ministers and ambassadors, to lose their temper? Goethe did not hope for universal peace, but he certainly could not have anticipated that chronic state of war into which we have drifted, and which in the annals of future historians will place our vaunted nineteenth century lower than the age of Huns and Vandals.

I believe that the members of this English Goethe Society can best prove themselves true students of Goethe, true disciples of Goethe, by helping, each one according to his power, to wipe out this disgrace to humanity. With all the ill-feeling against England that has been artificially stirred up, Shakespeare societies flourish in all the best towns of Germany. And I have never yet met a Shakespearian scholar who was not, I will not say an *Anglomaniac*, but a friend of England, a fair judge of all that is great and noble in this great and noble race. Shakespeare has done more to cement a true union between Germany and England than all English ministers and ambassadors put together. Let us hope that Goethe may do the same, and that each

and every member of this English Goethe Society may work in the spirit which he, who has often been called the Great Heathen, expressed so well and so powerfully in the simple words of the great Apostle of Love, "Little children, love one another." Let Goethe and Shakespeare remain the perpetual ambassadors of these two nations, and we may then hope that those who can esteem and love Shakespeare and Goethe, may learn once more to esteem and love one another.

And do not suppose that I exaggerate the influence of literature on politics. If Mr. Gladstone had not been so devoted a student of Italian literature, possibly we should not have had, as yet, a united Italy. If our fathers had not been so full of enthusiasm for their Homer, their Sophocles, their Plato, possibly Greece would never have been freed from the Turkish yoke. And whenever I hear that Prince Bismarck knows his Shakespeare by heart, I gather courage, and seem to understand much in the ground-swell of his policy which on the curling surface appears often so perplexing.

Let us hope that we may soon count some of the leading statesmen of England among the members of our society. If they have once learned to construe a German sentence, they may learn in time to construe the German character also, which, though it differs on some points from the English, is, after all, bone of the same bone, flesh of the same flesh, soul of the same soul.

We do not wish that our society shall ever become a political society, and it would be against the cosmopolitan spirit of Goethe if it were to be narrowed down to English and German members only. There are Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Danes, and Swedes who have proved themselves excellent students of his works. Goethe himself, when speaking of the different ways in which different nations appreciated the character of his Helena, gives credit to the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Russian for having, each in his own way, interpreted the poet's thoughts. Writing to Carlyle, on August 8, 1828, he says:—

All the more delightful was it to me to see how you had treated my Helena. You have here, too, acted in your own beautiful manner, and as at the same time there arrived articles from Paris and Moscow on this work of mine—a work which had occupied my mind and my heart for so many years—I expressed my thoughts somewhat laconically in the follow-

ing way: the Scot tries to penetrate, the Frenchman to comprehend, the Russian to appropriate it. These three have therefore in an unconcerted manner represented all possible categories of sympathy which a work of art can appeal to; though, of course, these three can never be quite separated, but each must call the other to its aid.

Penetrated by the same world-embracing spirit, the Goethe Society calls to its aid all lovers of Goethe's genius, to whatever nation they may belong; and it may promise them that of politics, in the narrow sense of the word, they shall within these walls hear as little as in Goethe's garden at Weimar.

But literature, too, has its legitimate influence, at first on individuals only, but in the end on whole nations; and if we consider what literature is—the embodiment of the best and highest thoughts which human genius has called into being—it would be awful indeed if it were otherwise. Goethe's spirit has become not only a German power, not only a European power; it has become a force that moves the whole world. That force is now committed to our hands, to use it as best we can. But in using it we must remember that all spiritual influences work by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, and we ought not to allow ourselves to be discouraged, if prejudices, piled up by a thousand busy tongues, are not removed in a day. We must work on like true scholars, *silentio et spe*—in silence and hope—and, depend upon it, our work will then not be in vain.

Our nearest work lies in England. Our society has been called into life chiefly by Englishmen and Germans. We, both German and English, want to put our shoulders together to study the works and thoughts of Goethe. This may seem a small beginning, but powerful oaks spring from small seeds. Let us hope, therefore, that our young society may grow stronger and stronger from year to year, and that it may help, according to its talents and opportunities, to strengthen the bonds of blood which unite the English and German nations by the sympathies of the mind, which are stronger even than the bonds of blood. If these two nations, the German and English, stand once more together, shoulder to shoulder, respecting each other and respected by their neighbors, we may then hope to see the realization of what Goethe considered the highest blessing of a world literature, "Peace on earth, good will towards men"—yes, towards *all* men.

From Good Words.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK III.—AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

BACK FROM A VOYAGE.

"WHY, my dear Sir Gordon, I am glad to see you back again. You look brown and hearty, and not a day older."

"Don't—don't shake quite so hard, my dear Bayle. I like it, but it hurts. Little gouty in that hand, you see."

"Well, I'll be careful. I am glad you came."

"That's right, that's right. Come down to my club and dine, and we'll have a long talk; and—er—don't take any notice of the jokes if you hear any."

"Jokes?"

"Ye—e— The men have a way there—the old fellows—of calling me 'Laurel,' and 'Yew,' and the 'Evergreen.' You see, I look well and robust for my age."

"Not a bit, Sir Gordon. You certainly seem younger, though, than ever."

"So do you, Bayle; so do you. Why, you must be—"

"Forty-two, Sir Gordon. Getting an old man, you see."

"Forty! pooh! what's that, Mr. Bayle? Why, sir, I'm— Never mind. I'm not so young as I used to be. And so you think I look well, eh, Bayle?"

"Indeed you do, Sir Gordon; remarkably well."

"Hah! That confounded Scott! Colonel Scott at the club set it about that I'd been away for two years so as to get myself cut down and have time to sprout up again, I looked so young. Bah! what does it matter? It's the sea life, Bayle, keeps a man healthy and strong. I wish I could persuade you to come with me on one of my trips."

"No, no! Keep away with your temptations. Too busy."

"Nonsense, man! Fellow with your income grinding day after day as you do. But how young you do look! How is Mrs. Hallam?"

"Remarkably well. I saw her yesterday."

"And little Julie?"

"Little!" said Christie Bayle, laughing frankly, and justifying Sir Gordon's remarks about his youthful looks. "Really, I should like to be there when you call. You will be astonished."

"What, has the child grown?"

"Child? Grown? Why, my dear sir, you will have to be presented to a beautiful young lady of eighteen, wonderfully like her mother in the old days."

"Indeed! Hah! yes. Old days, Bayle. Yes, old days, indeed. The thought of them makes me feel how time has gone. Look young, eh? Bah! I'm an old fool, Bayle. Deal better if I had been born poor. You should see me when Tom Porter takes me to pieces, and puts me to bed of a night. Why, Bayle, I don't mind telling you. Always were a good lad, and I liked you. I'm one of the most frightful impositions of my time. Wig, sir; confound it! sham teeth, sir, and they are horribly uncomfortable. Whiskers dyed, sir. The rest's all tailor's work. Feel ashamed of myself sometimes. At others I say to myself that it's showing a bold front to the enemy. No, sir, not a bit of truth in me anywhere."

"Except your heart," said Bayle, smiling.

"Tchut! man, hold your tongue. Now about yourself. Why don't you get a comfortable rectory somewhere, instead of plodding on in this hole?"

"Because I am more useful here."

"Nonsense! Get a good West End lectureship."

"I prefer the north here."

"My dear Christie Bayle, you are throwing yourself away. There, I can't keep it back. Old Doctor Thomson is dead, and if you will come, I have sufficient interest with the bishop, providing I bring forward a good man, to get him the living at King's Castor."

Christie Bayle shook his head sadly.

"No, Sir Gordon," he said with a curious, wistful look coming into his eyes. "That would be too painful—too full of sad memories."

"Pooh! nonsense, man! You can't be a curate all your life."

"Why not? I do not want the payment of a better post in the Church."

"Of course not; but come, say yes. As to memories, fudge! man, you have your memories everywhere. If you were out in Australia you'd have them, same as I dare say a friend of ours has. Let the past go."

Bayle shook his head.

"I'm thinking of settling down there myself. Getting too old for sea trips. If you'd come down that would decide me."

"No, no. It would never do. I could not leave town."

"Ah, so you pretend, sir. I'll be bound that, if you had a good motive, you'd

be off anywhere, in spite of what you say."

"Perhaps. Your motive is not strong enough."

"What, not your own interest, man?"

"My dear Sir Gordon, no. What interest have I in myself? Why, I have been blessed by Providence with a good income and few wants, and for the past eighteen years I've been so busy thinking about other people, that I should feel guilty of a crime if I began to be selfish now."

"You're a queer fellow, Bayle, but you may alter your mind. I've made up mine that you shall have the old living at King's Castor. I shan't marry now, so I don't want you for that; but, please God I don't go down in some squall, I should like you to say, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' over the remains of a very selfish old man, for I sometimes think that it can't be long first now."

"My dear old friend," said Bayle, shaking his hand warmly, "I pray that the day may be very far distant. When it does come, as it comes to us all, I shall be able to think that the selfishness of which you speak was mere outside show. Gordon Bourne, I seem to be a simple kind of man, but I think I have learned to read men's hearts."

The old man's lip quivered a little, and he tried vainly to speak. Then, giving his stout ebony cane a stamp on the floor, he raised it, and shook it threateningly.

"Confound you, Bayle! I wish you were as poor as Job."

"Why?"

"So that I might leave you all I've got. Perhaps I shall."

"No, no, don't do that," said Bayle seriously, and his frank, handsome face turned anxious; "I have more than I want. But come, tell me; you have been down to Castor, then?"

"Yes, I was there a week."

"And how are they all?"

"Older, of course, but things seem about the same. Place like that does not change much."

"But the people do."

"Not they. By George, sir, one of the first men I saw as I limped down the street in a pair of confoundedly tight Hessian Hoby made for me—punish my poor corns horribly! What with them and the stiff cravats a gentleman is forced to wear, life is unendurable. Ah! you don't study appearances at sea. Wish I could wear boots like those, Bayle."

"You were saying that you saw some-

"Ah, yes; to be sure I trailed off about my boots. Why I am getting into — lose leeway, sir. But I remember now. First man I saw was old Gemp, sitting like a figurehead, outside his cottage. Regular old mummy; but he seemed to come to life as soon as he heard a step, and turned his eyes towards me, looking as inquisitive as a monkey. Poor old boy; almost paralyzed, and has to be lifted in and out. I often wonder what was the use of such men as he."

Christie Bayle's broad shoulders gave a twitch, and he looked up in an amused manner.

"Ah, well, what was the use of me, if you like. Doctor looked well, so does the old lady. Said they were up here three months ago, and enjoyed their visit. I say, Bayle, you'd better have the living. Mrs. Hallam might be disposed to go down to the old home again, eh?"

A quiet, stern look that made Christie Bayle appear ten years older, and changed him in aspect from one of thirty-five to nearer fifty, came over his face.

"No," he said, "I am sure Mrs. Hallam would never go back to Castor to live."

"Humph! Well, you know best. I say, Bayle, does she want help? It is such a delicate matter to offer it to her, especially in our relative positions."

"No, I am sure she does not," said Bayle quickly; "you would hurt her feelings by the offer."

Sir Gordon nodded, and sat gazing at one particular flower in the carpet of his host's simply furnished room, which he poked and scraped with his stick.

"How was Thickens?"

"Just the same; not altered a bit, unless it is to look more drab. Mrs. Thickens — that woman's an impostor, for you. She has grown younger since she married."

"Yes, she astonished me," said Bayle, smiling with satisfaction that his visitor had gone off dangerously painful ground, "plump, pleasant little body."

"With fat filling up her creases and covering up her holes and corners!" cried Sir Gordon, interrupting. "Confound it all, sir, I could never get the fat to come and fill up my creases and furrows. I saw her standing there, feeding Thickens's fish, smiling at them, and as happy as the day was long. Deal happier than when she was Miss Heathery. Everybody seems to be happy but me. I never am."

"See the Trampleasures?" said Bayle.

"Oh, yes, saw them, and heard them, too. Regular ornament to the bank, Trampleasure. People believe in him, though. Talks to them, and asks the farmers in to lunch. If he were not there, they'd think Dixons' was going. Poor old Dixon, how cut up he was over that Hallam business! It killed him, Bayle."

"Think so?" said Bayle, with his brow wrinkling.

"Sure of it, sir. It was not the money he cared for; it was the principle of the thing. Dixons' name had stood so high in the town and neighborhood. There was a mystery, too, about the matter that was never cleared up."

"Hadh't we better change the subject, Sir Gordon?"

"No, sir," said Bayle's visitor curtly. "Garrulity is one of the privileges of old age. We old men don't get many privileges; let me enjoy that. I like to gossip about old times to some one who understands them as you do. If you don't like to hear me, say so, and I will go."

"No, no, pray stay, and I'll go down with you to the club."

"Hah! That's right. Well, as I was saying, there was a bit of mystery about that which worried poor old Dixon terribly. We never could make out what that scoundrel had done with the money. He and that other fellow, Crellock, could easily get rid of a good deal; but there was a large sum unaccounted for, I'm sure."

There was a pause here, and Sir Gordon seemed to be hesitating about saying something that was on his mind.

"You wanted to say something," said Bayle at last.

"Well, yes, I was going to say you see a deal of the widow, don't you?"

"Widow? What widow? Oh, Mrs. Richardson. Poor thing, yes; but how did you know I took an interest in her? Hah! there, you may give me ten pounds for her."

"Mrs. Richardson! Pooh! I mean Mrs. Hallam."

"Widow?"

"Well, yes; what else is she? Husband transported for life. The man is socially dead."

"You do not know Mrs. Hallam," said Bayle gravely.

"Do you think she believes in him still?"

"With her whole heart. He is to her the injured man, a victim to a legal error, and she lives in the belief which she has taught her child, that some day her mar-

tyr's reputation will be cleared, and that he will take his place among his fellow-men once more."

"I wish I could think so too, for her sake," said Sir Gordon, after a pause.

"Amen!"

"But, Bayle, you — you don't ever think there was any mistake?"

"It is always painful to me to speak of a man whom I never could esteem."

"But to me, man — to me."

"For twelve years, Sir Gordon, I have had the face of that loving, trusting woman before me, steadfast in her faith in the husband she loves."

"Loves?"

"As truly as on the day she took him first to her heart."

"But do you think that she really still believes him innocent — I mean in her heart of hearts?"

"In her heart of hearts; and so does her child. And I say that this is the one painful part of our intimacy. It has been the cause of coldness and even distant treatment at times."

"But she seemed to have exonerated you from all credit in his arrest."

"Oh, yes, long ago. She attributes all to the accident of chance and the treachery of the man Crellock."

"Who was only Hallam's tool."

"Exactly. But she forgives me, believing me her truest friend."

"And rightly. The man who saved the wreck of her husband's property at the time of the — er — well, accident, Bayle, eh?"

"Shall we change the subject?" said Bayle coldly.

"No; I like to talk about poor Mrs. Hallam, and I will call and see her soon."

"But you will be careful," said Bayle earnestly. "Of course your presence will bring back sad memories. Do not pain her by any allusion to Hallam."

"I will take care. But look here, Bayle; you did come up here to be near them?"

"Certainly I did. Why, Sir Gordon, that child seemed to be part of my life, and when Mrs. Hallam had that long illness the little thing came to me as if I were her father. She had always liked me, and that liking has grown."

"You educated her?"

"Oh, I don't know; I suppose so," said Bayle, looking up with a frank, ingenuous smile. "We have always read together, and painted, and then there was the music of an evening. You must hear her sing!"

"Hah! I should like to, Bayle. Perhaps I shall. Don't think me impertinent, but you see I am so much away in my yacht. Selfish old fellow, you know; want to live as long as I can, and I think I shall live longer if I go to sea than if I stroll idling about Castor or in London at my club. I've asked you a lot of questions. I suppose you have done all the teaching?"

"Oh dear no; her mother has had a large share in the child's education."

"Humph! when I called her child, I was snubbed."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bayle frankly. "Well, I've grown to think of her as my child, and she looks upon me almost as she might upon her father."

"Humph!" said Sir Gordon rather gruffly. "I half expected, every time I came back, to find you married, Bayle."

"Find me married?" said Bayle, laughing. "My dear sir, I am less likely to marry than you. Confirmed old bachelor, and I am very happy — happier than I deserve to be."

"Don't cant, Bayle," cried Sir Gordon peevishly. "I've always liked you because you never threw sentiments of that kind at me. Don't begin now. Well, there, I must trot. You are going to dine with me?"

"Yes; I've promised."

"Ah," said Gordon, looking at Bayle almost enviously, "you always were quite a boy. What a physique you have! Why, man, you don't look thirty-five."

"I'm very sorry."

"Sorry, man?"

"Well, then, I'm very glad."

"Bah! There, put on your hat, and come down at once. I hate this part of London."

"And I have grown to love it. 'The mind is its own place' — you know the rest."

"Oh, yes, I know the rest," said Sir Gordon gruffly. "Come along. Where can we get a coach?"

"I'll show you," said Bayle, taking his arm and leading him though two or three streets, to stop at last in a quiet, new-looking square close by St. John Street.

"Well, what's the matter?" said Sir Gordon testily.

"Nothing, I hope, only I must make a call here before I go down with you."

"For goodness' sake, make haste, then, man! My boots are torturing me!"

"Come in, then, and sit down," said Bayle, smiling, as a stern-looking woman opened the door, and curtsied familiarly.

"I must either do that or sit upon the step," said the old gentleman peevishly; and he followed Bayle into the passage, and then into the parlor, for he seemed quite at home.

Then a change came over Sir Gordon's face, for Bayle said quietly, —

"My dear Mrs. Hallam, I have brought an old friend."

CHAPTER II.

A PEEP BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

THE meeting was painful, for Millicent Hallam and Sir Gordon had never stood face to face since that day when he had himself opened the door for her on the occasion of her appeal to him on her husband's behalf.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Sir Gordon. "I did not know this."

"It is a surprise, too, for me," said Mrs. Hallam, as she colored slightly, and then turned pale; but in a moment or two she was calm and composed — a handsome, grave-looking lady, with unlined face, but with silvery streaks running through her abundant hair.

"You — you should have told me, Bayle," said Sir Gordon testily.

"And spoil my surprise," said Bayle.

"I am very, very glad to see you, Sir Gordon," said Mrs. Hallam in a grave, sweet way, once more thoroughly mistress of her emotions. "Julie, my dear, you hardly recollect our visitor?"

"Yes, oh yes!" said a tall, graceful girl, coming forward to place her hand in Sir Gordon's. "I seem to see you back as if through a mist; but — oh, yes, I remember!" She hesitated and blushed and laughed. "You one day — you brought me a great doll."

Sir Gordon had taken both her hands, letting fall hat and stick. He tried to speak, but the words would not come. His lip quivered, his face twitched, and Julia felt his hands tremble, as she looked at him with naïve wonder, unable to comprehend his emotion.

He raised her hand as if to press it to his lips, but let it fall, and, drawing her towards him, kissed her tenderly on the brow, ending by retaining her hand in both of his.

"An old man's kiss, my child," he said, gazing at her wistfully. "You remind me so of one I loved — twenty years ago, my dear, and before you were born." He looked round from one to the other, as if apologizing for his emotion. "My dear Bayle," he said at last, recovering himself,

and speaking with chivalrous courtesy, "I am in your debt for introducing me to our young friend. Mrs. Hallam, you will let me come and see you?"

Millicent hesitated, and there was a curious haughty, defiant look in her eyes as she gazed at her visitor, as if at bay.

"I am sure Mrs. Hallam will be glad to see a very dear old friend of mine," said Bayle quietly; and as he spoke Mrs. Hallam glanced at him. Her eyes softened, and she held out her hand to her visitor.

"Always glad to see you," she said.

Sir Gordon smiled and looked pleased, as he glanced round the pretty, simply furnished room, with tokens of the busy hands that adorned it on every side. Here was Julia's drawing, there her embroidery; they were her flowers in the window; the bird that twittered so sweetly from its cage hung on the shutter, and the piano, were hers too. There was only one jarring note in the whole interior, and that was the portrait in oils of the handsome man, in the most prominent place in the room — a picture that at one corner was a little blistered, as if by fire, and whose eyes seemed to be watching the visitor wherever he turned.

There were many painful memories revived during that visit, but on the whole it was pleasant, and with the agony of the past softened by time, Millicent Hallam found herself speaking half reproachfully to Sir Gordon for not visiting her during all these years.

"Don't blame me," he said in reply; "I have always felt that there was a wish implied on your part that our acquaintance should cease as being too painful for both."

"Perhaps it was," she said with a sigh; "and I am to blame."

"Let us share it if there be any blame," said Sir Gordon, smiling, "and amend our ways. You must remember, though, that I have always kept up my friendship with the doctor whenever I have been at home, and I have always heard of your well-being, or —"

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Hallam hastily, as if to check any allusion to assistance. "When I recovered from my serious illness I was anxious to leave Castor. I thought perhaps that my child's education — in London — and Mr. Bayle was very kind in helping me."

"He is a good friend," said Sir Gordon gravely.

"Friend!" cried Mrs. Hallam, with her face full of animation, "he has been to me a brother. When I was in utter distress

at that terrible time, he extricated my poor husband's money affairs from the miserable tangle in which they were left, and by a wise management of the little remainder so invested it that there was a sufficiency for Julia and me to live on in this simple manner."

"He did all this for you," said Sir Gordon drily.

"Yes, and would have placed his purse at my disposal, but that he saw how painful such an offer would have been."

"Of course," said Sir Gordon, "most painful."

"I often fear that I did wrong in allowing him to leave Castor; but he has done so much good here that I tell myself all was for the best."

And so the conversation rippled on, Julia sometimes being drawn in, and now and then Bayle throwing in a word; but on the whole simply looking on, an interested spectator, who was appealed to now and then as if he had been the brother of one, the uncle of the other.

At last Sir Gordon rose to go, taking quite a lingering farewell of Julia, at whom he gazed again in the same wistful manner.

"Good bye," he said, smiling tenderly at her, while holding her little hand in his. "I shall come again — soon — yes, soon; but not to bring you a doll."

There was the jingle of a tiny bell as they closed the door, and the hard-faced woman had to squeeze by the visitors to get to the door, the passage was so small.

Sir Gordon stared hard, and then placed his large square glass to his eye.

"To be sure — yes. It's you," he said.

"The old maid, Thisbe —"

"Some people can't help being old maids," said that lady tartly, "and some wants to be, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Gordon with grave politeness. "You mistake me. I meant the maid who used to be with Doctor and Mrs. Luttrell in the old times. To be sure, yes, and with Mrs. Hallam afterwards."

"Yes, Sir Gordon."

"So you've kept to your mistress all through — I mean you have stayed."

"Yes, sir, of course I have."

"And been one of the truest and best of friends," said Bayle, smiling.

Thisbe gave herself a jerk and glanced over her shoulder, as though to see if the way was clear for her escape, should she have to run and avoid this praise.

"Ah, yes," said Sir Gordon, looking at her still very thoughtfully. "To be sure,"

he continued, in quite dreamy tones, "I had almost forgotten. Tom Porter wants to marry you."

"Then Tom Porter must —"

"Tchut! tchut! tchut! woman; don't talk like that. Make your hay while the sun shines. Good fellow, Tom. Obstinate, but solid, and careful. Come Bayle."

"Ah," he sighed, as they walked slowly down the street,

Gather your rosebuds while you may
Old Time is still a-flying."

"You and I have never been rosebud-gatherers, Christie Bayle. It will give us the better opportunity for watching those who are. Bayle, old friend, we must look out; there must be no handsome, plausible scoundrel to come and win that fragrant little bloom — we must not have another sweet young life wrecked — like hers."

He made a backward motion with his head towards the house they had left.

"Heaven forbid!" cried Bayle anxiously; and his countenance was full of wonder and dismay.

"You must look out, sir, look out," said Sir Gordon, thumping his cane.

"But she is a mere girl yet."

"Bah! man; tush! man. It is your mere girls who form these fancies. What have you been about?"

"About?" said Bayle. "About? I don't know. I have thought of such a thing as my little pupil forming an attachment, but it seemed to be a thing of the far-distant future."

Sir Gordon shook his head.

"There is nothing then now?"

"Oh, absurd! Why, she is only eighteen."

"Eighteen!" said Sir Gordon sharply; "and at eighteen girls are only cutting their teeth and wearing pinafores, eh? Go to, blind mole of a parson! why, millions of them lose their names long before that. Come, come, man, wake up! A pretty watchman of that fair sweet tower you are, to have never so much as thought of the enemy when already he may be making his approach."

Bayle turned to him, looking half bewildered, but the look passed off.

"No," he said firmly; "the enemy is not in sight yet, and you shall not have cause to speak to me again like that."

"That's right, Bayle; that's right. Dear, dear," he sighed, as they walked slowly on towards the city, "how time does gallop on! It seems just one step from Millicent Luttrell's girlhood to that

of her child. Yes, yes, yes; these young people increase, and grow so rapidly that they fill up the world and shoulder us old folk over the edge."

"Unless they have yachts," said Bayle, smiling. "Plenty of room at sea."

"Ah, to be sure; that reminds me. I have been at sea. Man, man, what an impostor you are!"

"I!" exclaimed Bayle, looking round at his companion in a startled manner.

"To be sure. Poor lady! She has been confiding to me while you were chatting with little Julia about the piano."

Bayle gave an angry stamp.

"And your careful management of the remains of her husband's property."

Bayle knit his brow and increased his pace.

"No, no," cried Sir Gordon, snatching at and taking his arm. "No running away from unpleasant truths, Christie Bayle. You paid the counsel for Hallam's defence, did you not?"

Bayle nodded shortly, and uttered an angry ejaculation.

"And there was not a shilling left when Hallam was gone?"

No answer.

"Come, come, speak. I am going to have the truth, my friend: priesthood and deception must not go hand in hand. Now then, did Hallam have any money?"

"If he had it would have been handed over to Dixons' bank," said Bayle sharply. "I should have seen it done."

"Hah! I thought so. Then look here, sir, you have been investing your money for the benefit of that poor woman and her child."

No answer.

"Christie Bayle, do you love that woman still?"

"Sir Gordon! No; I will not be angry. Yes; as a man might love a dear sister smitten by affliction; and her child as if she were my own."

"Hah! and you have had invested so much money — your own, for their benefit. Why have you done this?"

"I thought it was my duty towards the widow and fatherless in their affliction," said Bayle simply; and Sir Gordon turned and peered round in the brave, honest face at his side to find it slightly flushed, but ready to meet his gaze with fearless frankness.

"Ah," sighed Sir Gordon at last, "it was not fair."

"Not fair?" said Bayle wonderingly.

"No, sir. You might have let me do half."

CHAPTER III.

BY THE FIRE'S GLOW.

"WON'T you have the lamp lit, Miss Millicent?"

"No, Thisbe, not yet," said Mrs. Hallam, in a low, dreamy voice, and without a word the faithful follower of her mistress in trouble went softly out, closing the door, and leaving mother and daughter alone.

"She's got one of her fits on," mused Thisbe. "Ah, how it does come over me sometimes like a temptation — just about once a month ever since — to have one good go at her and tell her I told her so; that it was all what might be expected of wedding a handsome man. 'Didn't I warn you?' I could say. 'Didn't I tell you how it would be?' But no; I couldn't say a word to the poor dear, and her going on believing in the bad scamp as she does all these years. She's different to me. It's just for all the world like a temptation that comes over me, driving me like to speak, but I've kept my mouth shut all these years and I'm going to do it still."

Thisbe had reached her little brightly kept kitchen, where she stood thoughtfully gazing at the fire, with one hand upon her hip, for some minutes.

Then a peculiar change came upon Thisbe's hard face. It seemed as if it had been washed over with something sweet, which softened it; then it suggested the idea that she was about to sneeze, and ended by a violent, spasmodic twitch, quite a convulsion. Thisbe's body remained motionless, though her face was altered, and by degrees her eyes, after brightening and sparkling, grew suffused and dreamy, as she gazed straight before her and seemed to be thinking very deeply. Her countenance was free from the spasm now, and as the candle shone upon it, it brought prominently into notice the fact that in her love of cleanliness Thisbe was not so particular as she might have been in the process of rinsing; for the fact was patent that she rubbed herself profusely with soap, and left enough upon her face after her ablutions to produce the effect of an elastic varnish or glaze.

Everything was very still, the only sounds being the dull wooden tick of the Dutch clock, and the drowsy chirp of an asthmatic cricket, which seemed to have wedged itself somewhere in a crack behind the grate, and to be bemoaning its inability to get out; while the clock ticked hoarsely, as if its life were a burden, and

it were heartily sick of having that existence renewed by a nightly pulling up of the two black iron sausages that hung some distance below its sawlow face.

Suddenly Thisbe walked sharply to the fire, seized the poker, and cleared the bottom bar. This done she replaced the poker, and planted one foot upon the fender to warm, and one hand upon the mantelpiece with so much inadvertence that she knocked down the tinder-box, and had to pick the flint and steel from out of the ashes with the brightly polished tongs.

"I don't know what's come to me," she said sharply, as soon as the tinder-box was replaced. "Think of her holding fast to him all these years, and training up my bairn to believe in him as if he was a noble martyr! My word, it's a curious thing for a woman to be taken like that with a man, and no matter what he does to be always believing him!"

Thisbe pursed up her lips, and twitched her toes up and down as they rested upon the fender, while she directed her conversation at the golden caverns of the fire.

"They say Gorringe the tailor used to beat his wife, but that woman always looked happy, and I've seen her smile on him as if there wasn't such another man in the world."

Just then the clock gave such a wheeze that Thisbe started and stared at it.

"Quite makes me nervous," she said, turning back to the fire. "What with the thinking and worry, and her keeping always in the same mind; oh my!"

She took her hand from the mantelpiece to clap it upon its fellow as a sudden thought struck her, which made her look aghast.

"If he did!" she said, after a pause. "And yet she expects it some day. Oh, dear me! oh, dear me! what weak, foolish, trusting things women are! They take a fancy to a man, and then because you don't believe in him too, it's hoity-toity and never forgive me. Well, poor soul! perhaps it's all for the best. It may comfort her in her troubles. I wonder what Tom Porter looks like now," she said suddenly, and then looked sharply and guiltily round to see if her words had been heard. "I declare I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said, and rushing at some work, she plumped herself down and began to stitch with all her might.

In the little parlor all was very quiet, save the occasional footstep in the street. The blind was not drawn down, and the faint light from outside mingled with the glow from the fire, which threw up the face of

Julia Hallam, where she sat dreamily gazing at the embers, against the dark transparency, giving her the look of a painting by one of the Italian masters of the past.

At the old-fashioned square piano her mother was seated with her hands resting upon the keys, which were silent. Farther distant from the fire her figure, graceful still, seemed melting into a deeper transparency, one which grew deeper and deeper till in the corner of the room and right and left of the fireplace the shadows seemed to be almost solid, till the accustomed eye detected the various objects that furnished the room, melting as it were away.

Only on one spot did there seem a discordant note in the general harmony of the softly glowing scene, and that was where the rays from a newly lighted street-lamp shone straight upon the wall and across the picture of Robert Hallam, cutting it strangely asunder, and giving to the upper portion of the face a weird and almost ghastly look.

Thisbe's steps had died out and her kitchen door had closed, but the musings of the two women had been interrupted and did not go back to their former current.

All at once, soft as a memory of the by-gones, the notes of the piano began to sound, and Julia changed her position, resting one arm upon the chair by her side and listening intently to a dreamy old melody that brought back to her the drawing-room in the old house at Castor—a handsomely furnished, low-ceiled room with deep window-seat, on whose cushion she had often knelt to watch the passing vehicles while her mother played that very tune in the half light.

So dreamy, so softened, as if mingled therewith a strange sadness, now just as it was then, one of the vivid memories of childhood, "Weber's Last Waltz," an air so sweet, so full of melancholy, that it seems wondrous that our parents could have danced to its strains, till we recall the doleful minor music of minuet, coranto, and saraband. Dancing must have been a serious matter in those days.

Soft and sweet, chord after chord, each laden with its memory to Julia Hallam.

Her mother was playing that when her father came in hastily that night, and was so angry because there were no lights; that night when she stole away to Thisbe.

She was playing it too that afternoon when Grandmamma Luttrell came and was in such low spirits, and would not tell the reason why. Again, that night when she

shrank away from her father, and he flung her hands from him, and said that angry word.

Memory after memory came back from the past as Millicent Hallam played softly on, making her child's face lustrous, eyes grow more dreamy, the curved neck bend lower, and the tears begin to gather, till, with quite a start, the young girl raised her head and saw the rays from the gas-lamp shining across the picture beyond her mother's dimly seen profile.

Julia rose to cross to her mother's side, and knelt down to pass her arms round the shapely waist and there rest.

"Go on playing," she said softly. "Now tell me about poor papa."

The notes of the old melody seemed to have an additional strain of melancholy as they floated softly through the room, sometimes almost dying away, while after waiting a few minutes they formed the accompaniment to the sad story of Millicent Hallam's love and faith, told for the hundredth time to her daughter.

For Millicent talked on without a tremor in her voice, every word distinct and firm, and yet softly sweet and full of tenderness, as it seemed to her that she was telling the story of a martyr's sufferings to his child.

"And all these years, and we have heard so little," sighed Julia. "Poor papa! Poor father!"

The music ceased as she spoke, but went on again as she paused.

"Waiting, my child; waiting as I wait, and as my child waits, for the time when he will be declared free, and will take his place again among honorable men."

"But, mother," said Julia, "could not Mr. Bayle or Sir Gordon have done more; petitioned the king, and pointed out this grievous wrong?"

"I could not ask Sir Gordon, my child. There were reasons why he could not act, but I did all that was possible year after year till, in my despair, I found that I must wait."

"How glad he must be of your letters!" said Julia suddenly.

Millicent Hallam sighed.

"I suppose he cannot write to us. Perhaps he feels that it would pain us. Mother, darling, was I an ill-conditioned, perverse child?"

"My Julia," said Mrs. Hallam, turning to her and drawing her closely to her breast, "what a question! No. Why do you ask?"

"Because I seem just to recollect myself shrinking away from papa as if I

were sulky or obstinate. It was as if I was afraid of him."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Mrs. Hallam anxiously, "you were very young then, and your poor father was constrained, and troubled with many anxieties, which made him seem cold and distant. It was his great love for us, my child."

"Yes, dear mother, his great love for us — his misfortune."

"His misfortune," sighed Mrs. Hallam.

"But some day — when he returns — oh, mother! how we will love him, and make him happy! How we will force him to forget the troubles of the past!"

"My darling!" whispered Mrs. Hallam, pressing her fondly to her heart.

"Do you think papa had many enemies, then?"

"I used to think so, my child, but that feeling has passed away. I seem to see more clearly now that those who caused his condemnation were but the creatures of circumstances. It was the villain who seemed to be your father's evil genius caused all our woe. He made me shiver on the morning of our wedding, coming suddenly upon us as he did, as if he were angry with your father for being so happy."

"But could we not do something?" said Julia earnestly. "It seems to be so sad — year after year goes by, and we sit idle."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam with a sob; "but that is all we can do, my child — sit and wait, sit and wait, but keeping the home ready for our darling when he comes — the home here — and in our hearts."

"He is always there, mother," said Julia in a low, sweet voice, "always. How I remember him, with his soft, dark hair, and his dark eyes! I think I used to be a little afraid of him."

"Because he seemed stern, my child, that was all. You loved him very dearly."

"He shall see how I will love him when he returns, mother," she added after a pause. "Do you think he gives much thought to us?"

"Think, my darling? I know he prays day by day for the time when he may return. Ah!" she sighed to herself, "he reproached me once with teaching his child not to love him. He could not say so now."

"I wonder how long it will be?" said Julia thoughtfully. "Do you think he will be much changed?"

She glanced up at the picture.

"Changed, Julia?" said her mother,

taking the sweet, earnest face between her hands, to shower down kisses upon it, kisses mingled with tears, "no, not in the least. It is twelve long years since, now; Heaven only knows how long to me! Years when, but for you, my darling, I should have sunk beneath my burden. I think I should have gone mad. In all those years you have been the link to bind me to life—to make me hope and strive and wait, and now I feel sometimes as if the reward were coming, as if this long penance were at an end. My love! my husband! come to me! oh, come!"

She uttered these last words with so wild and hysterical a cry that Julia was alarmed.

"Mother!" she whispered, "you are ill!"

"No, no, my child; it is only sometimes that I feel so deeply stirred. Your words about his being changed seemed to move me to the quick. He will not be changed; his hair will be gray, his face lined with the furrows of increasing age and care; but he himself—my dear husband, your loving father—will be at heart the same, and we shall welcome him back to a life of rest and peace."

"Yes, yes!" cried Julia, catching the infection of her mother's enthusiasm; "and it will be soon, will it not, mother—it will be soon?"

"Let us pray that it may, my child."

"But, mother, why do we not go to him?" Mrs. Hallam shivered slightly. "We should have been near him all these years, and we might have seen him. Oh, mother! if it had been only once! Why did you not go?" She rose from her knees, as if moved by her excitement. "Why, I would have gone a hundred times as far!" she said excitedly. "No distance should have kept me from the husband that I loved."

"Julie! Julie! are you reproaching me?"

"Mother!" cried the girl, flinging herself upon her neck, "as if I could reproach you!"

"It would not be just, my child," said Mrs. Hallam, caressing the soft, dark head, "for I have tried so hard."

"Yes, yes, I know, dear; and I have known ever since I have been old enough to think."

"In every letter I have sent I have prayed for his leave to come out and join him—that I might be near him, for I dared not take the responsibility upon myself with you."

"Mother!"

"If I had been alone in the world, Julia, I should have gone years upon years ago; but I felt that I should be committing a breach of trust to take his young, tender child all those thousands of miles across the sea, to a land whose society is wild, and often lawless."

"And so you asked papa to give his consent?"

"Every time I wrote to him, Julia—letters full of trust in the future, letters filled with the hope I did not feel—I begged him to give me his consent that I might come."

"And he has not replied, mother?"

"Not yet, my child. Innocent and guilty alike have a long probation to pass through."

"But he might have written, dear."

"How do we know that, Julia?" said Mrs. Hallam, with a shade of sternness in her voice. "I have studied the matter deeply from the reports and despatches, and often the poor prisoners are sent far up the country as servants—almost slaves—to the settlers; in places sometimes where there are no fellow-creatures save the blacks for miles upon miles. No roads, Julie; no post, no means of communication."

"My poor father!" sighed Julia, sinking upon the carpet, half sitting, half kneeling, with her hands clasped upon her knees, and her gaze directed up at the dimly seen picture on the wall.

"Yes, my child, I know all," said Mrs. Hallam. "I know him and his pride. Think of a man like him, innocent, and yet condemned; dragged from his home like a common felon, and forced to herd with criminals of the lowest class. Is it not natural that his heart should rebel against society, and that he should proudly make his stand upon his innocence, and wait in silent suffering for the day when the law shall say, 'Innocent and injured man, come back from the desert. You have been deeply wronged?'"

"Yes, dear mother. Poor father! but not one letter in all these years!"

"Julia, my child, you pain me," cried Mrs. Hallam excitedly. "When you speak like that, your words seem to imply that he has had the power to send letter or message. He is your father—my husband. Child, you must learn to think of him with the same faith as I."

"Indeed I will, dear," cried Julia passionately; and then she started to her feet, for there was a quick, decided knock at the front door.

Mrs. Hallam hurriedly tried to compose

her features; and as Thisbe's step was heard in the passage she drew in her breath, gazed wildly at the picture, just as Julia drew down the blind, and blotted it from her sight. Then the door was opened, and their visitor came in the centre of the glow shed by the passage light.

"Aha! in the dark?" cried Bayle, in his cheery voice, as Thisbe opened the door. "How I wish I had been born a lady! I always envy you that pleasant hour you spend in the half-light gazing into the fire."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Julia, in a pleasant, silvery trill, as she hastily lit the lamp, Bayle watching her as the argand wick gradually burned round, and she put on the glass chimney, the light throwing up her handsome young face against the gloom till she lifted the great dome-shaped globe, which emitted a musical sound before being placed over the lamp, throwing Julia's countenance once more into the shade.

"What are you laughing at?" said Bayle.

"At the idea of our Mr. Bayle being idle for an hour sitting and thinking over the fire," said Julia playfully, to draw his attention from her mother's disturbed countenance.

The attempt was a failure, for Bayle saw clearly that something was wrong; that pain and suffering had been there before him; and he sighed as he asked himself what he could do more, in his unselfish way, to chase earthly cares from that quiet home.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

GENERAL BARRIOS, LATE PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA.

A NOTABLE figure passed away last year from the field of American politics (using the word American in its largest sense) in the person of General Don Justo Rufino Barrios, for twelve years president of the small republic of Guatemala.

Not that he was remarkable for the actual position he occupied in the political world at large; Guatemala is too unimportant a State for that; and as a mere president of a Spanish American republic he would have been a nobody, whose name was scarcely known outside his own country and the pages of "Whitaker's Almanack." But he was remarkable as being in his own person the most complete embodiment of a form of government

which many people who have studied the affairs of Spanish American States believe to be the only possible one under which they can advance and prosper. So inveterate is the political immorality of Spanish Americans in general, that unless they have a strong, determined ruler over them, who will allow no stealing and no corruption except such as he pleases to perpetrate on his own account, there can be little hope of the country getting a fair share of the revenues applied for its benefit, and therefore little hope of progress of any sort.

The republic under Barrios existed in name only. He was for the whole period of his reign, as it may be called, absolute and all-powerful dictator, holding the power of life and death, of banishment and confiscation of property, of distribution of offices, of raising and spending money, of passing laws, and administering them if he saw fit; and, indeed, having the right of ultimate decision about every single act or matter to be done throughout his dominions.

The government remained during his presidency, or rather series of presidencies, republican in form. There was the Congress; and the president was elected nominally for a limited term of years, and with limited powers, as the Constitution directs. But under Barrios this was merely a form. The Congress assembled at its stated times; and he liked it to assemble, for he relegated to it all unpleasant business, the imposition of fresh taxes, and the passing of all measures, which he required to have passed, of a disagreeable or unpopular nature; and so shifted on to their shoulders the odium attaching to such things, reserving to himself the pleasure of issuing decrees on such subjects as he liked. And woe to any Congress, or member of Congress, refusing to pass the measures that Barrios dictated, unpopular as they might be; and woe also to any rash Guatemalteco who should at election time offer himself in opposition to Barrios.

He was a Mestizo, or rather a Ladino, for that is the word used in Guatemala for a man of mixed Spanish and Indian blood; and the Indian rather predominated in the type of his countenance. He was short and thick-set, with legs too small for his body, a bullet-shaped head, dark complexion, high cheek-bones, his hair beginning far back on the forehead, and his face shaved clean, except for a short, thick goat's beard. Altogether, a strong, active, quick-eyed man, impressing

every one with a sense of his individuality, and evidently a man by no means to be trifled with.

He was originally educated for the law, but he soon found that his proper profession was that of politics and revolution. His home was in the Altos, the highlands of the country, near Quezaltenango, the district where all revolutions and disturbances invariably originate. When quite a young man he gathered together a band of mountaineers, hardy, restless, and ambitious like himself; and beginning in a small way, taking one town and another, defeated time after time, driven across the frontier into Mexico, or forced to hide in his native mountains, he always came back with redoubled energy; and so rising from small things to great, he finally found himself master of the city of Guatemala. With assumed modesty, he at first declined to accept the presidency, but took care that he should be very soon called to it by the acclamations of the populace; and once there, he was, as the Americans say, "there to stay."

His excuse for revolution was the tyranny of the Church, and the chief item in his programme was liberty of thought and enfranchisement from the power of Rome.

From the moment of Barrios's accession to power Guatemala passed into a new phase of existence. In a land where periods of peace and of revolution had hitherto followed each other with the regularity, and almost with the frequency of summer and winter in less favored climates, he established an almost perpetual season of peace. He put down all attempts at revolution by such prompt and summary action, that after a very short experience of his methods, no one was found in the country brave enough to attempt any opposition to him. His own experience as a revolutionist was invaluable to him in this matter, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief. By thus nipping every disturbance in the bud, and by taking precautionary measures, consisting in the prompt removal, by banishment or otherwise, of any and every body who had the will and the means to foment a rebellion against him, he succeeded in preserving a peace, which, whatever his enemies may say to the contrary, was by no means altogether a solitude.

No doubt his measures were harsh, and at times even very cruel, but they attained their end, as no other measures could. His cruelties have been enormously exaggerated, and the wildest tales have

been invented about him; and in those cases where cruelty can be clearly proved, it can generally be traced rather to his lieutenants than directly to himself. Still, he probably did not care to examine too closely into the manner in which his orders were carried out by his subordinates, so long as his end was gained. It is difficult to judge fairly of such things without knowing the sort of people he had to deal with, and the circumstances of each case. But his most zealous apologists could hardly deny that many acts of cruelty were committed at least with his sanction. For instance, during one of the very few revolutions that have occurred in his time, that of Retalhuleu in (I think) 1876, he ordered all the *alcaldes* and *ayudantes* (mayors and corporations are perhaps the nearest equivalent terms) in the disturbed district to be brought up and whipped. Most of them were Indians, and by far the majority innocent of all offence in the matter; but whipped they all were, nevertheless, and some of them died under the operation. There can be no defence for a high-handed act of injustice such as this; still it put an end to the disturbance. Acts like this, cruel as they are, were the only means of inspiring such terror of the consequences of revolt against his authority as would prevent any such attempt in the future. And the success of the method, though it cannot be admitted as a defence, should be allowed as a palliation of guilt.

His mode of procuring a wife also was hardly defensible. He saw her as a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, when he was distributing the prizes at a school; and recognizing that she was the prettiest and most refined girl in the country, determined at once to marry her, and did so in spite of the strenuous objection both of herself and her parents. Her father was a Spaniard, having large interests in the country, and saw that the question lay between his daughter and his ducats. However, some time afterwards Barrios found occasion to banish him, and he had to go off to the States with scanty notice, and is living with his family in San Francisco. The marriage so brought about, turned out, perhaps unfortunately, quite successful; enough so at least to invite imitation by other potentates with sufficient power to use Barrios's methods.

His despotism was essentially military. He was before anything a soldier himself, and took the keenest interest in all that concerned his army; and his troops were better dressed, better equipped, and bet-

ter disciplined than is usually the case in Spanish American States. There were (I believe I am not exaggerating) eleven barracks in the capital, most of them in the immediate neighborhood of his palace, and there were usually from three to four thousand troops in the city. He organized a system of militia throughout the country, so that every man was drilled, except the pure Indians — rather a large exception, by the way. These local militia were called out once or twice a month for exercise and drill on Sunday mornings. By this means he had a force of between twenty and thirty thousand men ready — as readiness is counted in those countries — for war at any moment. How far all this elaborate care bestowed on the organization of the army was of any use, apart from his own personal influence, we shall see if we follow his career to the end.

The great question to be answered before forming a judgment of Barrios and his career is, What were his objects? The first was to gratify his ambition, no doubt; and then to enrich himself. But these things done, I believe he had a veritable love for his country, and was anxious to do his best in its service.

Personally he was a man of simple tastes and habits, rising early, dining simply, and living in most respects like a soldier. His extravagances were in horses and estates. He had a large stud of foreign and native horses, some of great value; and he had an idea of improving the breed in the country, and to that end established races in Guatemala, and made a tolerable racecourse just outside the city. But as no one dared to allow their horses to beat his in any race, from the fear (whether unfounded or not, it would be hard to say) of giving him offence, very little good was done in that way.

He owned estates all over the country, cattle haciendas, coffee plantations, houses, and every sort of property worth having; and he was particular about and proud of their condition, trying to set an example of proper cultivation and management to other people. One of his cattle estates, half a day's journey south-west of Coban, certainly comprised the richest pasture lands in the district; and his large coffee estate on the coast near Champerico was one of the most productive in the country. But he had this advantage over the surrounding owners in that part, that, when labor was scarce, his estates were always fully supplied with laborers, whilst the others had to go short. All field work in Guatemala is

done by forced labor, and on no other terms could the Indians, the only available laborers, be made to work at all. The owner of a coffee plantation sends word to the alcalde of the nearest Indian village that he requires so many men to work for him the following week, and sends the money fixed by law or custom for their payment, and the alcalde hunts up the Indians and sends them off without fail. They have to go; no excuse whatever is valid except actual illness; and the penalty for not obeying is imprisonment and whipping. The system differs from slavery only in the fact that the Indians are paid for their work; but as they don't care for money, and do very much care to be left alone, the difference is rather shadowy. In their own huts, living on their own patches of ground, and with their few plants of maize and beans to feed themselves, they have little need for money; and what they happen to get hold of is mostly strung round the women's necks. But when working away from home they have to buy food, and other necessities, and they are tempted to drink and get into debt. Then their master for the time being advances them a few dollars, and thenceforward he is their master forever, for he has a right to their services till the debt is paid, and it rarely happens that an Indian gets free, for they are entirely ignorant of money, and utterly improvident. If an Indian so situated is transferred to the service of another estate-owner, his price, the amount of his debt, has to be paid by his new master, so that he is practically sold. If he refuses to work or absents himself, he is liable to be sent up to the alcalde for a whipping, which he much dislikes. Very little difference there seems between this system and slavery, but still it is hard to condemn it altogether. The country would be ruined at once if it were abolished; no Indian would do one stroke of work from that time forward, and every coffee plantation, and other industry in the country, would have to be abandoned. The Indians of Guatemala are a gentle, peaceable, harmless race, patient under hardships, and do not seem to feel any bitterness in their bondage; it has been the custom from time immemorial, and they are used to it.

In some districts plenty of Indians can always be obtained, but in others there is great scarcity; and at the time of the coffee-picking more labor is wanted than can be got — the men for picking, and the women, and even the children, for sorting

the berries. In many large estates, especially on the Pacific coast, a great proportion of the crop is wasted for want of means to gather it in, and the quality suffers from the haste and want of care with which it is prepared for shipping, due to the lack of hands. This is the time when Barrios had the advantage over other people. They might go short, but it was certain that Indians enough would be found for his estates. Probably he did not himself interfere in the matter, and possibly, if applied to, he would have admitted the injustice, and remedied it; but it seemed so thoroughly in the natural order of things that he should be considered first in everything, that no one ever dreamed of making a complaint. They grumbled about it as an English farmer might grumble at an untimely shower of rain, but recognized it as one of the natural incidents of the country they lived in, admitting of no imaginable remedy.

Besides his estates in various parts of the country, Barrios had an interest, more or less large, in every profitable undertaking in Guatemala; in the pier company, and the dock company at the port of San José, in the railway from Champerico inland, and so on; and it was well that he should, as his interest in them was the best guarantee that they should go on without interference or disturbance.

However, having got together as much money and as many possessions of various sorts as he thought necessary, he undoubtedly did his best for the advancement of the country. He made the city of Guatemala one of the cleanest, pleasanter, and most habitable cities in Spanish America; and furnished it with a good and efficient police, bringing an inspector from New York to organize it. He sent men to the United States to study post-office and telegraph management, and re-organized those services thoroughly with the experience thus gained. He built the railway from San José, the chief port of the country, to the capital, thus reducing the journey from two or three days to six hours; he built safe bridges, made and improved many of the chief roads, and did innumerable things of the kind necessary for the progress of the country, which could never have been done if a congress had had the management of affairs.

Though not a highly cultured man, he was by no means ignorant. He spoke no language but Spanish, but he spoke that in a way to make himself very thoroughly understood when he so desired; and that was the main point for him. And, unlike

many men in his position, he fully appreciated the value of various sorts of knowledge in others, and for others, which he did not possess himself. He took great interest in the colleges and schools, and did a great deal for the spread of education all over the country. One of his latest decrees was to the effect that no one should be admitted to practice as a lawyer or a doctor who had not passed a sufficient examination in English and French.

He dispensed prompt and generally fair justice in any case brought before him. Law proceedings, tedious in all countries, are tenfold more so in Spanish America than elsewhere, and justice is seldom done in the ordinary course. Barrios formed in his own person, actually though not constitutionally, a sort of supreme court of appeal, and even a court of first instance in many cases. Any one in a difficulty preferred, if they had the right on their side, or if there were complications which it was to the advantage of both sides to get rid of, to appeal to Barrios direct, rather than suffer the delays and vexations of a regular lawsuit. The following is a good instance of his method of dispensing justice. Some Germans, whom I knew well, owned a coffee estate in the north of the country, and wished to plant some new ground. Immediately beyond their estate was a large tract of unoccupied land which they supposed to be waste and unowned; and they occupied and planted it, after the usual formalities required for taking up waste lands in the country. The tract they had taken, however, had been part of the property of the Church, and on the sequestration of Church lands had been granted to a man who had no especial use for it, and had left it idle for many years. He had the right then of giving notice of his ownership and of claiming the land, within a certain time from the moment of their occupation. In this case the owner let the required time slip, and gave notice a month or two too late, so that by strict law my German friends had the right to retain the land. However, as it had been clearly his, they did not like to take what they considered to be unfair advantage of a technical point of law, so as usual they went to Barrios and laid the case before him. He asked a few pertinent questions, so as thoroughly to master the details of the case, and gave his decision at once.

"You have planted the land in question with coffee trees which are now old enough to be of great value?"

"Yes."

"Is there any more waste land in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, there is plenty just beyond the land we have taken."

"Then," said Barrios, "you shall keep the land you have planted, and the former owner shall have assigned to him a tract of equal area from the other unoccupied and unowned lands."

And so a matter was settled in a few minutes and without expense, which might have dragged on through the law courts for months or years. Barrios saw clearly that the owner cared nothing for his land until it had been improved and planted at some one else's expense, and only brought forward his claim in order to get the results of others' labor for nothing.

He was fully alive to the fact that the country could only be opened up, and its resources utilized by foreigners and foreign capital, and he encouraged foreigners in every way in his power. In most Spanish American countries in a dispute between a native and a foreigner, the latter has no chance of justice being done him; in Guatemala his chance, if he applied to Barrios, was at least equal to that of his opponent.

The government overturned by Barrios in the revolution of 1871, which brought him into power, was entirely dominated by the Church; and as he determined at once to get rid of ecclesiastical influence in civil matters, he was for many years at bitter feud with the clergy and the more fanatical of the Roman Catholic party. As soon as he assumed the presidency, all clerics, whether bishops or priests, who refused to recognize him and submit to his system of Church reform, were sent out of the country with very short notice. The archbishop threatened to excommunicate him, and Barrios gave him free permission to do so, if he liked to bear the consequences. It was announced, therefore, that at two o'clock on a certain day the decree of excommunication would be pronounced in the cathedral, and a great number of ecclesiastics of all ranks, and of the more pious laymen, assembled to take part in the proceedings. Barrios let them get well inside the cathedral, and then filled the *plaza* with soldiers, pointed cannons at the cathedral doors, and sent a message to the archbishop inside to proceed by all means with the decree if he so wished, but warning him that the moment it was pronounced, he would feel himself

released from all his duties towards the Church, and would promptly knock the whole cathedral about their ears. He was not excommunicated that day.

Finally, when the Church party found that he was too strong for them, they submitted with as good a grace as possible to the changes he introduced, such as the taking the control of the education of the country out of the hands of the priests, and other such reforms; and for the last few years of his life, Barrios and the clergy were in a state rather of armed neutrality towards each other, than of active opposition. Still, the more fanatical among the Guatemaltecs never ceased to hate him, and he, on his part, kept a very sharp lookout after them and their movements.

To estimate fairly the amount of work done in the way of public improvements during the reign of Barrios, the extreme poverty of the country, the sparseness of the population, and the fact that even of that small population more than four-fifths are pure Indians, must be taken into account. Guatemala has no great mineral resources like Mexico, Colombia, Peru, and other parts of Spanish America; the whole prosperity of the country depends on coffee and sugar, and of late years the prices of both of these staple products have fallen so greatly that the profits are very small. And Guatemala coffee, though of very fair quality, has never fetched high prices in Europe; the best, which is grown in Coban, and is known in the English market as Honduras coffee (probably because it is shipped from the Atlantic side, and the ships carrying it mostly touch at Belize), is very limited in quantity.

The natural features of the country present great difficulties to engineering works, the short railway of sixty or seventy miles from San José to Guatemala having to rise nearly six thousand feet during about twenty miles of its course, and to cross a branch of the lake of Amatitlan by means of a pontoon bridge, which has given endless trouble to the American engineers who made the road. Besides this, it has to cross several deep ravines, called *barrancas*, which seam the country in all directions in the neighborhood of the capital. So road-making, bridge-building, and every work of the sort is laborious and expensive in a mountainous country like Guatemala, with such scanty resources of its own. The finishing of a bridge has been delayed for months for the want of a few long iron nails, which had to be sent for to the United States.

The army, too, was a great expense; and the grants for the purposes of education were considerable in proportion to the revenue; and much money was swallowed up in the improvement of the capital, in building the theatre and the different barracks, in forming the racecourse, and such things, and yet the financial position of the country was more satisfactory than that of other Spanish American republics with ten times the resources of Guatemala.

Various accounts have been written of the war of last year between Guatemala and the other Central American States, in which the whole blame has been unjustly laid upon the ambition and tyranny of Barrios; though opinions will always differ about his motives for entering into the struggle.

What are now the five republics of Central America, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, formed one Spanish vice-royalty, and for some time after their freedom from the Spanish rule they continued to form one republic, but were subsequently split up into the small, insignificant States now existing. But it has long been the desire of prominent statesmen in all these republics to reunite and form one large and important State, instead of five small ones. There have been conferences, private interviews, and suggestions without number on the subject. Barrios had taken up the matter warmly; and if it were to be done, Guatemala being the most important and powerful republic, and he being by far the most influential man in all Central America, it was only natural that it should be done under his lead and guidance. There is good reason to believe that the idea of thus uniting all Central America into one powerful State seemed to him to be a fitting end to his career, and an achievement worthy to perpetuate his memory; that, having gained this object, he intended to retire from active life, and probably live in the United States; and that his declaration, that under no circumstances would he agree to accept the presidency of the new republic, was perfectly sincere.

For many months before his actual proclamation of the union of Central America, negotiations had been going on between him and the other States. Salvador and Honduras had agreed to join him in carrying out the scheme; Nicaragua and Costa Rica, from no objection to the union itself, but from dread of Barrios, had refused. It was agreed between the three consenting States that Nicaragua

should be forced into the union; but that Costa Rica, the most distant State, should be left alone; so that the new republic was to consist of the four States, unless Costa Rica decided to join of its own accord, on finding that the union was about to be accomplished.

Thus matters stood when on the sixth of March, 1885, Barrios made his proclamation of the union. Only a few days before, the last of a series of meetings between the secretaries for foreign affairs of Salvador and Guatemala and Barrios had taken place, in which the whole scheme had been matured, and all details settled. Honduras at once agreed to the scheme. What then must have been Barrios's surprise, on getting an evasive note a few days afterwards from Zaldivar, the president of Salvador, full of protestations of friendship and of entire accordance with his designs, but saying that he thought the proclamation was somewhat premature, and that, before he could give his public sanction to it, he must consult the wishes of his people, and so on. The truth soon came out, that Zaldivar, whilst professing to act with Barrios, had been all the while intriguing with Mexico, thinking that she would naturally not be anxious to see a powerful nation formed next door to her, and that he had not yet got the final answer when Barrios issued his proclamation. When Mexico's reply came, Zaldivar threw off the mask, and published the most slanderous and insulting articles about Barrios, calling upon all Central Americans to fly to arms to defend their homes, and repel the invader of their liberties, and declaring, that though he had no enmity against Guatemala as a nation, he would never rest till Barrios was driven from the country. Then, of course, there was nothing for it but war.

I was travelling in the north of the country in the beginning of March, and first heard the news of the proclamation of the union on arriving at Quiché, a small town between Coban and Quezaltenango. Rockets were going up all over the town, and soldiers firing a succession of salutes from a row of murderous-looking twenty-four pounders in front of the guardhouse. All was joy and merriment, flavored as usual, in Spanish America, with copious gunpowder in various forms. For several days after that I heard no suspicion that there was any opposition to the scheme; every one thought the matter was settled right out, then and there. It was only a week later, when within a day or two's

journey of Guatemala, that I heard reports that all had not gone smoothly, and that war was imminent. When I arrived in the city all was bustle and confusion. Troops were coming in from all parts of the country and marching towards the frontier of Salvador, three days' journey from Guatemala; and on the twenty-third of the same month Barrios himself went to the front. But for several days no hostilities began.

That Barrios had any intention of establishing the union by force of arms I do not for a moment believe. If he had so intended, nothing would have been easier. He could have entered Salvador at once, and carried all before him. He was the only one ready for war, not with especial view to that occasion, but always. As it was, he gave Salvador time to make preparations and to mass all her available troops into the very strong frontier fortress of Santa Ana, which barred the only available entrance from Guatemala into Salvador. With all his troops on the frontier, even after Zaldivar's refusal to join him, he waited day after day, hoping that better counsels would prevail, while all the time he knew that troops were pouring into the hostile fortress in front of him. And in the end he did not begin the war until Zaldivar, made bold by the help he fancied Mexico would give him, ordered his troops to cross the frontier and attack the Guatemalteco forces. However, Zaldivar was deceived in the matter of assistance from the Mexicans; they talked a good deal, protested against Barrios's tyrannical action in attempting to annex the other Central American States to Guatemala (which showed what a distorted account of the business they had received from Zaldivar), but did nothing. The Salvador troops were speedily repelled, and Barrios entered the enemy's country and proceeded to attack Santa Ana, by that time garrisoned by about seven thousand men, and defended by well-devised earthworks.

The actual fighting began on the thirtieth of March, the day when the Salvador troops crossed the frontier; and by the second of April, Barrios had taken the fortress, and all Zaldivar's troops had fled into the interior. There was nothing now to prevent the Guatemalteco troops from overrunning the whole of Salvador, and Honduras was already despatching a force to join them. But on entering the village a cowardly officer had been afraid to lead his regiment in first, dreading an ambush; Barrios accordingly put himself at

their head, and was the first to enter the streets. The main body of the garrison had fled, but some sharpshooters were left in the church tower and on the roofs of some of the houses; a bullet from one of these struck Barrios down, and his son was killed at the same moment by his side.

Directly the foremost Guatemalteco troops saw Barrios fall they were seized with panic and fled, meeting the rest of the advancing army and throwing them too into confusion; and though the officers fired among them to compel them to turn and advance again, the panic spread, and soon the whole army was in disordered flight, and the greater part of it scattered to the winds. Hundreds and thousands came right back to the city of Guatemala and thence dispersed to their homes, carrying dismal tales of the dangers they had been through, and spreading alarm over the whole country. There were in fact not fifty men of the Salvador troops left in the place at the moment of Barrios's death, and yet many thousands ran away from them, not even taking time to hunt out those who had shot their chief—a wonderful proof of his personal influence, and of the terror the very idea of his death created. Under him they would have gone anywhere and done anything he set them to do; without him they were so many sheep. Not an officer in the army, not a man in the republic, could take his place. For them and for the whole Guatemalteco people he was the actual embodiment of all power, all order, and all government that existed in the country.

It is difficult in European countries to appreciate what the sudden death of such a man means—a man who for twelve years had practically been the State itself in his own person—a man whose word was law, whose simple frown meant death, who would brook no interference, no rivalry at however great a distance, and no second in command; who was not only feared, but regarded with a sort of awe almost amounting to worship, by the people at large.

I shall never forget the day his body was brought into Guatemala. I happened to ride out along the Salvador road in the afternoon, either not knowing or forgetting that the procession was to pass that day. All the road for miles out was lined with people, mostly of the lower classes, weeping and genuinely sorrowful. It struck me at first that they must have come out to meet wounded friends and relatives returning from the front, until

their number proved that that was impossible, and then I remembered what their errand must be. It was the greatest tribute that could well have been paid to a man.

Of the subsequent course of the war, and the revolutions that broke out over the country, I have no need to speak, as they do not immediately concern Barrios. His widow left Guatemala directly after the funeral for New York, where Barrios owned a fine house in Fifth Avenue. He had been for some time putting all his money into American securities, and mortgaging all his property in the country, which always looked as if he meditated leaving Guatemala after the Union was accomplished.

Thus ended the career of a man who, whatever else may be said about him, was without question a great man. His strength of will and fixity of purpose would have brought him to the front in any country. The insignificance of the stage upon which he was for so long the chief actor, alone prevented his name from becoming more familiar to the world at large. How far his motives were pure, how far he acted for his country's good, and how far simply for his personal ends, are questions upon which those who knew him best do not seem able to agree. That his name will be a byword in Guatemala so long as the country exists, and that the story of his life will become a sort of Napoleonic legend to the people, is sure.

T. H. WHEELER.

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DON ANGELO'S STRAY SHEEP.

"WHY he doesn't come back, I don't know; and what has happened to him, I can't say," said Celestina, stopping her noisy spinning-wheel, and quickly seizing her knitting, which was stuck on the window-ledge within reach.

"Where was he coming from?" asked the priest, seating himself on the stone bench near the door, and gathering the skirts of his gown over his knee to save them from the dust.

"How can I say? Somewhere north, no doubt. This beastly government has but one idea in its crazy head—to turn all things upside down. So the hot-blooded Abruzzese serve in Piemonte to cool down in the snow, and the frozen-hearted Savoiardi are posted here to learn how to simmer, and rejoice that these

great forests, these plains, these rivers, these sunsets are theirs now, right through from France to the sea!"

"*Pazienza!*" said Don Angelo, in a comfortable voice, half amused at Celestina's volubility.

"*Pazienza!*" said she again, with a sharp look of scorn in her bright black eyes, as she glanced from her needles to the priest's face, and then stepped back, so as conveniently to look at him from head to foot, as if he were a target and she wanted to shoot home. "Do you know what that blessed *pazienza* has done for Italy? It has furrowed the plains, the mountains, the by-ways with little mounds! It has sown a crop of living men! Do you know that?—and who's to say that my boy is not amongst them?"

"I thought you expected him home—that his time was up?"

"What of that? Expecting is not having! Did Teresa get *her* boy when his time was up, and the bed shaken for him, and his shoes ready, and the very *polenta* made? Have you forgotten that, *padre mio*? Why, 'twas you yourself that came over this very hill to say, 'They have brought your boy.' Where? Home? No; to the Campo Santo! You may see him—kiss him—and thank God that St. Michael has crowned him with a laurel, and has a brave soldier in heaven; and for you, *pazienza!* and salt tears to flavor your *minestra*."

"But, my good Celestina——" began Don Angelo.

"No, no—don't! No *pazienza* for me," said Celestina, knitting fast, and shaking her head vigorously, as if not only to warn the gentleman not to try her too far, but also to shake back the ugly presentiment that distressed her.

"You might as wisely say 'no bread for me,' my friend," said the priest, undaunted; "for patience is the sustainer of the soul. Yes, it is the divine gift that supports life; but to my mind came the recollection of another of your neighbors, Marietta, who now is at St. Savino. Night and day that woman wept. I almost dreaded looking down the church lest I should see that desolate woman kneeling by the altar of the *Addolorata*. Poor soul, how she suffered! But she had reason, for they were troublous times. Gaeta was closed, no one could leave, and her son, Avorio, was within the gates. The candles that woman burned, and the tears she shed!—till one day I came down from the altar steps and said to her,—

"Weeping still?"

"What reason have I for anything else?" said she.

"What reason have you to pray, and burn candles, whilst you smother the sound of your own voice, and put out your flame by your unbelieving lamentations and despairing tears?"

"Then she looked up. 'But,' said she, 'have you not told us ever to pray, and burn lights while we pray, when a great grief assails us?'

"Assuredly I have," said I; "and did I never tell you to expect some answer to your prayer? You pray as if you thought the heavenly Father were either deaf or unjust. You act as if you considered yourself more tender, and even more powerful, than the All-Wise!"

"I?" said she, the tears drying on her cheek, so hot did the flame of self-accusation burn in her heart.

"Yes," said I; "you! Who holds the balance of life and death? Who metes out pain and ease? Who gives plenty, and permits want? How is it that amidst abundance the richest prince perchance has a tiny flaw in his throat or his tongue, and dies *starved*; whilst the poor starving of a shepherd boy or a child, cast out on the highway, without a *centesimo* in his pocket, or an art to his hand, finds plenty in the leaves that grow wild, and the spring that sparkles down the mountain-side?"

"It is the will of God!" said Marietta, in a whisper; but she bent her eyes on the ground.

"It is the will of God; and you — you, a poor woman, whose love, even, is small enough to be absorbed by one boy; you, who are helpless and weak — you grieve because that boy is out of your sight, as if *your* hand could hold him to life, if, whilst he even lay in your arms, it pleased God to whisper the message, 'Come away!'"

"Then she saw that she was wrong, and was comforted; but it was a trying time for her; yet she prayed on, without tears. She trusted, and what happened? Why, one fine day, when the first oranges from Gaeta were being distributed, a voice behind her said, —

"*E, mamma mia!* and is there not one for me?"

"It was Avoria himself."

"I recollect," said Celestina; "for I was there too. I remember it all; and how they went away, and what grand votive candles they presented to the altar," added the woman, with a keen glance at the priest's undisturbed countenance, as he leaned on his umbrella, and looked

away to the mountain, where the sun was sinking, and a gentle cloudy mist rising like a veil to hide the sharp peaks, and spread the golden light with uncertain wavering cadence from earth to heaven.

"Yes; she was very thankful," said Don Angelo, "and had reason to be; for the anxiety had been severe, and the suffering too. Italy is free now, from sea to sea; from sea to mountain man can pass in safety. And your Carmine will be here in a few days, to laugh at your gloomy thoughts."

"Pray God he may!" said Celestina, crossing herself, as if to register or set seal to her prayer. "But now I will tell you what is most in my mind. My Carmine was so strong, had such a chest, such a voice, such muscles, such straight limbs, that he was drafted at once to the sharpshooters (*bersaglieri*); and you know, Don Angelo," said Celestina, coming near the priest, and stopping her knitting, that she might impress her words upon him — "you know it is the most wicked regiment of all that wicked king's army. 'Straight to death!' is the word they hold; and I tell you my boy may, after all, come home worn out, to die!"

"It is the smartest regiment," said the priest; "if they have hard work, they have also strength to do it. It is sad," he added, "how little you care for what we say, Sunday after Sunday. Think of the birds, of the flowers, and of the loving care that provides for all!"

"*Diamine!* what you say is right; and it is what I say too. It is not on the mountain, nor in the wilderness, that I fear evil; it is the hard work, and the men, I —"

"What, then, do you say of that founding?" said Don Angelo, as a small boy came in sight, up the rough pathway, bending beneath a load of sticks which he had collected for firewood.

"He!" said Celestina, "what is there to say of him? He is under *my* care."

"I know that; but is he not to be pitied?"

"And why should he be?" said Celestina. "Does he not have his *minestra* with the rest, his corner to sleep in, and his clothes (*centi*)?"

"And his mother to kiss him, — his brothers and sisters to share with him? — eh?" said Don Angelo, a grave smile on his broad, good-humored face. "He has never had a mother to think about him. You, as a stranger, have done your duty. God has so ordered the world, that there is a place in it for everything

that has the gift of life; and whether it is in cities or on mountains, his angels are ever near to protect body and soul! You do not love that boy as you do your own——"

Ricciotto had come near by this time, and had heard the last few words that the priest had said. He was quite a small boy, about nine years old, slight, but tall of his age, with very fair hair, a tanned skin, dark eyes, and a mouth which trembled between laughing and despair. He had on a much-patched cotton shirt that had once been blue, and trousers that reached just a little below the knee, and were kept up by a piece of string. Even the string was in pieces, for he was far too poor to possess a cord long enough to reach across his shoulders without many joins; and he had but three buttons on his trousers, that on the waistband, another on one side in front, the third on the other side behind—so the string cut his body diagonally in two. He was, not handsome, but he looked as if gentle blood ran in his veins; for the questioning look with which he went about seemed an involuntary comparison between his instincts and his experience—as though he were conscious of belonging to a better sphere in life, and yet could find no argument to justify his discontent with the only kind of existence that he had ever known.

"Well," said Don Angelo, as the boy came nearer and threw down the wood, and then leaned back against the wall of the cottage to rest, fanning himself with the broad, coarse, thin straw hat, which had fallen off his head as he threw down his burden—"one reason I came up here to-night was to ask you about Grazuccia; for it goes to my heart to hear the whining cry of her poor dog. Indeed I questioned myself whether I should give the poor beast an alms from the poor-box, so famished is she; yet there is no one near to feed it."

"Where, then, is Grazuccia?" said Celestina, quite eager to know, and soft in her manner from forgetting herself for the moment.

"Who knows?" said Don Angelo.

"I saw her a week ago," said Ricciotto.

"So did I," said the priest. "But the house has now been quite closed these five days. She must have meant to come back, you know, for they are fond of that poor beast; yet there she is shut up. Looking over the wall one can see her plate empty, her water gone, and, by this time, her patience almost gone too."

"Perhaps Grazuccia has had news of Ludovico," said Celestina; "but then Ettore and Nina——"

"Ettore is with the grandmother; Ninetta has gone with her mother. I went to see the poor old *nonna*, and she knows nothing about it. She could only lament over Ludovico's ways; and it *is* hard for her to have to suffer, when he might give her ease and comfort, and let her end her days in peace."

"His business has gone to ruin," said Celestina.

"For the time, yes," said the priest. "I said so to the *sindaco*. I said, 'Leave him alone, and he will be safe enough;' but no." Don Angelo got up, and took his umbrella, preparing to start for his walk back to the city. "Diana frightens the boys," he said. "This morning Cesare and Tommasino both tried to get over the wall to her, but she wouldn't let them. So you know nothing of Grazuccia? Well, well, I am sorry. Good-night!"

Celestina walked a few steps down the road to bid the priest good-night, and show her respect for him, and also ask him to remember her boy and his perils when he was praying at the altar; and he bowed his assent gravely, with his mind far away, as if he were following the flight of a bird, not knowing exactly why it should be in so lonely a place. He was, in truth, thinking of Ricciotto; for the boy had something in his face that appealed to him for sympathy. Yet he accepted the charge to pray for Carmine, and would remember it surely; for was he not accustomed each day to offer prayers for his people—prayers of intentions so strangely varied, that the compound of bitter and sweet, of which incense is made, was indeed a type of the petitions and thanksgiving he carried in his heart to God?

He had not got very far, when a turn in the pathway brought him to a small corner, where a low wall gave the boundary to a *podere*, and tempted people to stop and look down into the plain beyond. There were three trees there. Against the centre one a figure was leaning, staring up into the sky, and the last sunbeam sent a greeting to the wistful eyes, and a blessing to the weary brow.

Don Angelo did not see him till he was close upon him. Then he was startled.

"*Per Bacco!*" said he, leaping clean back into paganism in his surprise.

"Eh!" said the lad, slipping off the wall, and standing before him. It was Ricciotto.

"How did you get there? I thought I had left you at home!"

"No; I thought I would come and get Diana some water. I'm not afraid of dogs; dogs know me!"

"But Celestina — perhaps she will want you?"

"Celestina can scold Petruccio instead of me for ten minutes; it will do as well, and he don't mind a bit," said Ricciotto.

"Well," said Don Angelo, "it is a work of true charity to feed that poor beast. Celestina herself has a kind heart; she will not mind, when she knows. But are you sure that you are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" said Ricciotto, with an emphasis that inferred he did not know the feeling of fear.

The way was rather steep. Don Angelo walked on in silence, minding his steps; for a great many loose stones were about, and were apt to roll from beneath the feet. The fireflies began to show out brilliantly, and the glow-worms held their steady lamps to light the grass covered homes of the fairies. The evening breeze at intervals brought the booming of the great bells of the cathedral in the city, miles away. Night was floating quickly to the mountains, making distance unseen, unfelt — heaven everywhere close — the dear stars shining just over the head of whoever looked lovingly up to greet them.

"And what were you thinking, my son?" said Don Angelo, when more level ground and a broader path made walking easier, and they got side by side.

"I don't know," said Ricciotto.

"I mean when I came up, and you were looking at the mountains and the sky?"

"I ——" Ricciotto flushed; but he did not like to tell a lie, so he said, "I was wondering whether you could tell me if the devil can see the angels on the mountain-tops?"

"Why on the mountain-tops more than in the city or the village?"

"Well," said Ricciotto, coming confidentially near the priest, as if sure he could not be angry with any one who was sheltering beneath his shadow, and looking up into his face with great earnestness, "you said, to-night, that up the mountains men were safe; that God gave life to the stray folks when rich people lost it; and I was wondering whether it was seeing the angels on the mountain that made the devil say to *Nostro Signore* (as the Catechism has it), 'Cast thyself down, for the angels will hold thee up.' Were they good angels or bad angels round about him?"

Don Angelo looked down into the boy's face and read the simplicity of his innocent soul. So, calmly ignoring all theological discussion, he said to him gently, —

"Around our blessed Lord none but good angels dared ever wait; and on the mountains, where men are heart-broken and desolate, or little children lost and tired, they are good angels, who wait and listen for their prayers, and whisper good, courageous thoughts to them."

"That is well," said Ricciotto, with a deep sigh. "I often think, in the evening, that the angels are out in great chariots and visit the mountains."

"Maybe," said Don Angelo. "We none of us know where the angels may not be. Of one thing you may rest assured — there is no place where a mortal man can go that an angel cannot come."

"Ah!" said Ricciotto, and he sighed again.

They then walked on till they came to the town, which began with a church and a few straggling cottages, and a bridge over a swift small river, and then a forge, a wheelwright's, a *caffè*, and a few shops. Then a house by itself, with a walled garden, made a forked division in the road. It was an important-looking shop, modern in design and arrangement; porcelain pavement in front of the doorway; and over the great shutters (that were barred like a gate in front of the window), a board was elaborately painted, with the inscription *Ludovico Santini*. It was a library and printing-house, and a place of general resort. Large maps were in the window (you could see them between the bars), and prints of celebrated men — in one window was the king, in the other Garibaldi — and extracts from newspapers were gummed against the glass.

In these the sin and position of Santini stood declared. He belonged to the extreme party, and edited a paper to put forward his own views of what United Italy should be. In other words, he, in this dead-alive city amongst the hills, had become so dried up by the sameness of life, that a breath from the flying cloud of sighs for liberty had awakened him to flame. He was passionately affectionate, generous, and self-sacrificing, therefore sensitive to the cost of the reformation now supposed to be attained, keeping ever before him a remembrance of the men who had died to gain Italian liberty. So he watched with jealous eyes every action of the government that seemed to infringe the pure ideal of freedom and justice, or enrich the

army and court favorites at the expense of the people and the Church.

"The king should be the father of his people—the pope the real head of the Church!" he cried aloud. "Why, then, should the people be taxed, and taxed, till they *dread* labor, knowing that the more they earn the more will be forced from them? What for? To support justice? to help and protect the people? No! to enable the court to shine with greater lustre; to use their costly army in foreign wars—was entered on for greed, or show, or to drown the cries of suffering Italians at home! And why should the churches be robbed of beauty? the Church of the power of doing good? and the State (usurping universal power) light her candle at the holy altar? that candle made of wax extorted from all! our own sons called on to shoot us down if we would protect our own homes, or keep more than a crust for ourselves, and that crust only left that sufficient life may be maintained to enable us to grow grain to pay the king's taxes,—the eternal, crushing, ever-growing taxes!"

The sindaco and all the men in the town knew that what he said was true, and sighed silently at the unsatisfactory nature of the new order of things. "But," said they to each other consolingly, "all change brings some injustice with it; in time all will be right!" Nevertheless, they all felt the excessive taxes keenly, were grieved at having to enforce the hard laws that pressed on the wretched poor, and respected Ludovico's courage in making a protest against them; till he went a step too far, and countenanced an assault on the government-guarded mill.

Then, for their own sakes, they looked grave, protested loudly against him, and ordered his arrest.

Every one liked him. Who could look into his honest bronzed face, and not admire, ay, love him? He had devotion in him, faithfulness, originality, impetuous anticipation of consequences, and courage to endure to death for the sake of a noble ideal. His eloquence came straight from his soul, without rousing in him the faintest consciousness of its own force and beauty; quickening the heart-throbs, raising men's thoughts and hopes to a higher ideal of life, where each should work with care and thought for others, as well as for himself—not, as now, for himself alone. Where, in short, love, truth, and justice should happily and triumphantly reign, in place of selfishness, falsehood, and tyranny.

Hence, when he disappeared, a loss was felt by all—a void which no one even attempted to fill. The shutters were put up, the wife and children lived in the cottage in the garden, and no one asked where he was gone.

The sindaco was too wise a man to spoil the peace of the community by interfering (if he could help it) with so valuable an ally as this Ludovico was in all schemes for the advancement of education and civilization, and was thankful when he heard that he could not be found, and took care not to look for him.

As Don Angelo and Ricciotto passed slowly by the garden wall behind the shop, the dog whined. It was an attempt at a bark, but the poor creature was too thirsty to have much voice.

"Diana!" said Ricciotto, in his clear young voice, "Diana! dost thou hear us coming to give thee water?"

"She will not let thee get near her," said Donna Anna, from her window just opposite.

Ricciotto said no more, but clambered up the wall, his bare feet enabling him to cling to small projections of the roughly hewn stone of which it was built. In another moment he was over. Diana left off whining and barking as he came near her, and offered to touch her head. Her poor tongue was too dry to allow her to lick his face or hands, though she admitted him to the mystic circle of friendship, and seemed to be questioning whether it was her master or Ninetta who had sent her comfort in her need. She watched the unfastening of the chain which held the bucket over the well, and she listened with intelligent patience to the clanking and unrolling of the chain; only, when the splash of the water first bubbling into the pail was heard, she could no longer restrain herself, and whined a long whine, her head between her two outstretched paws, she herself standing at the utmost length of her chain, full of expectation, and hope, and confidence too. Her cry was rather a protest as to what she had suffered than an appeal for present help, and Ricciotto was full of sympathy with her, and did not make her wait even to pour out the water, but held the round-bottomed, helmet-shaped vessel, that would not stand of itself on the ground, so low that the poor beast could put her whole nose into it, and even spill it over on her paws and chest in her eagerness to drink and delight in the cooling plenty.

Don Angelo and Donna Anna talked and watched, and decided that it was

cruel to shut up the dog — cruel to chain her so close — cruel to leave her without water and food, and out in the sun, or where the sun could shine down so hotly on the kennel for so many hours each day. Then the good woman sent down some pieces for her, and called out warnings, and told how both men and boys had tried to come over to her, and had not ventured, because she barked so violently. It was ten minutes or more before all things were settled to Don Angelo's satisfaction, and he went off to his home, leaving Ricciotto to run across fields and climb walls, so as to get home quickly.

Before he got there, he met Petruccio coming to look for him, and crying. He was of the true *contadino* type — rather a pretty boy of ten years, very dark and saucy-looking, and now angry with both his mother and Ricciotto.

Ricciotto said not a word in self-defence, nor of excuse. Celestina met him at the door with her baby in her arms, scolded him and sent him to bed without his supper. It would have been against her conscience to strike a child of the Blessed Madonna, as foundlings are called; but hard words and deprivation of food (to a reasonable degree) were all right enough; and the boys once up in the loft to curl together, and sleep, she consoled herself for her anxiety about Carmine, and her worry at Ricciotto's absence, by telling her rosary over again, for the sake of her wandering soldier son.

Ricciotto soon slept, and also soon awoke; and he lay watching the stars till they faded, and the light till it grew high enough to embrace the tops of both the mountains, and sent a broad streak across the plain between the two; and all this time he was thinking of putting Don Angelo's words to a practical test, and wandering away from men to the wild mountain-tops. No scolding nor unkindness would be within reach, though without a doubt God's angels would be waiting and watching.

In going to bed, undressing was scarcely known to him, and so getting up was without the embarrassment of washing or putting on clothes. When the moment arrived for Giuseppe (Celestina's husband) to rise and go to his mules and oxen, Ricciotto rose too, and following him, left the cottage, without so much as a question from any one as to what he was going to do.

He ran quickly down the mountain to the town, where, as yet, no soul was stir-

ring; again climbed the wall of Ludovico's garden, where Diana watched, and, sniffing at him in a friendly way, allowed him to come to her. He unchained her, and called her to follow him.

"Come!" said he; but Diana stood her ground.

"Come!" said he again; "come with me!" Still the poor brute only licked his hands and wavered, not quite understanding. "Come!" said Ricciotto again, looking down into her brown eyes. "I am going to the mountains. Where is Ludovico? — and Ninetta?"

This was enough. The dog had the idea. Ricciotto had often brought fodder for the mule, and, being fond of dogs, was well known to her. She knew the sound of her master's name, up she jumped, got to the top of the wall as quickly as the boy did; then she looked to the right and left, saw no master, no Ninetta — stared into Ricciotto's face, and went back again. Faithfulness conquered.

Ricciotto called again. The dog wagged her tail and showed her tongue between her teeth, as if she would express an interrogation, and protest; but she did not move. Unchained he left her regretfully, and began his walk to the mountains on the opposite side of the plain to his home.

It was a set purpose that led him there. The mountains on which he lived had little or no mystery about them; it was on those facing him that he had seen the cloud chariots careering in grand procession; golden pink sky behind, a shadowy indication of the golden-gated city from which the angels had come in their soft-flowing white robes.

The birds were beginning to wake, and there was a strange noise in the air of the insects, as they began their short existence; and more mysterious still was a soft sound which seemed to come from the flowers, as if they were breakfasting on the sweet dew that filled their dainty cups, and whispered to each other and the wind their thankful content.

The shoeless feet passed on, crushing no pretty thing, and unhurt by any pointed hard one. Rough usage and simple training had given the gentle-hearted, sensitive-souled boy a useful, obedient body, requiring only the barest necessities in food and sleep to maintain it; and so little accustomed was it to be thought of, or in any way considered, that a great amount of fatigue and pain was endured by it patiently, without calling forth any sympathy from his higher consciousness. He had from the earliest been forced to give

his whole attention to whatever duty he was told to do, and so had never had time to think of himself, either as to whether it pleased him, or as to how he was doing it. Unconsciously he obeyed the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and want of human affection accounted for his never having thought of loving even himself, except instinctively.

Once on the road, the way seemed easy, and the fact that it was a mountain was not apparent. Orchards and fields were on either side of him; then tracts of dry ground and hard rock; then cottages, with gardens; and on again, olive-planted fields and vineyards. He had walked miles before what most people would call "day-break," and had found a long solitary path at the edge of a pine-covered slope, that seemed to promise a way to the uninhabited districts, before the sharp angular rock overhead sent back a broken, trembling echo of the bell that announced the second Mass. All the time his mind was occupied with alternate questions as to Celestina's scoldings, and his life with her, and what Don Angelo had said — "that the wild fruits and leaves, the field salad and running stream, gave plenty to those who could get it with thankfulness; that no place was too solitary to be beyond the reach of God and of his angels."

A lark rose from the ground, and soared, singing. The boy watched it and smiled. In the stillness there was fresh life — trusting, strong. He went higher, the road getting steep and rough, till he came to a tract where rabbits and lizards rejoiced in the sunshine, and lay still or ran with swift delight from stone to corner, and back again to their secret homes. Ricciotto was rather tired now, and wondered where the path would lead. It seemed, in fact, to be almost lost; yet it could scarcely be lost, for, just in one of the loneliest stretches, where the near landscape was hard and cold-looking, being closed in by the second ridge of hills which lapped it close and changed the valley into an angular gully — just in this lonely and seemingly God-forsaken stretch, where scarcely a lizard or beetle or even worm could be found, a man lay fast asleep.

Ricciotto came near, and looked at him — and was immediately aware that a pair of keen eyes were fixed upon him; but they were the eyes of his dog.

The fellow himself was villanous enough in all appearance to be forsaken, not only by other men, but by himself; and seemed

to have chosen this cold corner of creation by an instinctive acknowledgment that even this was too good for him. Yet he was only a countryman on his way home, and tired, resting; but his countenance, even in sleep, was repulsive. At his side was a stick with a sharp steel point, ready to kill a wolf if he met one, or a man if need be.

The dog growled. The man roused himself, and, scarcely awake, summoned the strongest feeling of his character into activity. He gave a lunge at his dog with his fist, and muttered a curse at him.

The dog moved forward, with steady eyes measuring Ricciotto, and weighing his intentions, then settled not to attack but simply to guard his sleeping owner. Ugly as the half-starved brute was, with its wolf-shaped head and long side teeth, there was something pathetic in its forbearance to both master and stranger.

Ricciotto stood a moment looking at the man, then prudently passed on; the dog settling down again to sleep at his master's feet, vigilant and patient as the stone dogs on the sepulchres of dead knights, awaiting the resurrection of the just. Poor brute! he awaited an awakening of a very opposite character, and might well be thankful it was not an eternal doom.

From Temple Bar.

A PEMBROKESHIRE PARSON.

PEMBROKESHIRE is an old-world county, noted for cromlechs, stone circles, and other objects of prehistoric interest. In its remoter parts grown-up people may still be met with who have never seen a railway or a gaslight. Of great England across the border, they know little except by report, and like the snail they seldom move from their own plot of ground. The landscape is pretty much what it must have been when the monks looked out from their abbeys, and the barons from their castles. Amongst such a primitive race old superstitions linger on; and so the lonely lanes are believed to be haunted by spectral funerals, where ghostly forms glide past benighted travellers, and cries of anguish are heard from the spirits of the unshriven dead, and where, *mirabile dictu*, may be seen possessed pigs whose ancestors may have been fed at Gadara.*

Pembrokeshire is, we all know, in the diocese of St. David's. The saint had

* See Wert Sykes's *British Goblins*.

good reasons, no doubt, for pitching his tent — I beg his pardon, founding his cell — near the bold headland that bears his name; but well fitted as it might be for vigil, fast, and prayer, it is a most ungettable place for ordinary mortals, and one does not wonder that in mediæval times two pilgrimages to the shrine of St. David used to count for one to Rome. It is a pilgrimage to get to it now. You must first find your way to Haverfordwest, and when you have got there, make up your mind to jolt over sixteen hills, and across sixteen valleys, unless you undertake the walk and let your luggage be sent after you. On you go till you come in sight of a windmill, and just when you fancy you are at the world's end, there lies before you a prospect you will never forget. It is the ancient Menevia, the "Palmyra of the West," the shrine of the patron saint with the purple-stoned cathedral, the ruined palace of the bishops of St. David's, and the college of the monks, surrounded by lofty cliffs, and rugged capes, and the clusters of islets known as "the bishop and his clerks," around which the great Atlantic ceaselessly surges.

In days gone by, it may be so yet, there used to be three classes of passengers in the rumbling old vehicles; one who rode all the way, another who got out to walk up the hills, and another who helped to shove the conveyance on when it stuck fast, which it often did.

A Welsh song has it, "St. David is our patron saint, and a famous saint was he." Welshmen are proud of him, and wear leeks on his day, the first of March. They have perpetuated his name by christening their little boys after him, and handed it down in the numerous clans of Davys, Davies, and Davis, which almost rival the illustrious tribe of Jones. Every one knows the story of the alarm given by an Englishman at Jesus College, Oxford. "Mr. Jones's room is on fire," when instantly up jumped four-fifths of the students; he then cried out Mr. David Jones; one-half still stood up. I knew a Welsh college where the Joneses were distinguished as "Black Jones," "Red Jones" "Nosey Jones," "Humpty Jones," and "Gentleman Jones."

In the neighborhood of St. David's the Welsh tongue is spoken, although, strange to say, a narrow brooklet divides the English from the Welsh speaking parts. It is a hard language, and took Bishop Thirlwall a year to learn; but there was an Englishman promoted to a living who was told he could learn it in a night; so

he sat up till Sunday morning, drinking all the time with the clerk, who undertook to instruct him how to get through the service on the morrow. Who can wonder at Welshmen being dissenters!

Every now and then one meets with marked characters, who stand out from amongst their fellows for genius or eccentricity. Such was Hawker of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, and such was "Smith of Gurfreston," of which place he was for some half a century rector.

Gurfreston is not a village in the English sense, hardly a hamlet, for it is made up of a few scattered farmhouses and cottages, and has only a population of about sixty. The church is small, old, lichen and ivy clad, with a well-proportioned tower, built no doubt for purposes of defence. A few trees cluster around, affording a grateful shade in summer, for wood is scarce in the neighborhood. The interior, though admirably restored, is bare of ornament, except some fading frescoes, on the deciphering of which a wealth of learning has been spent, though with small results, and its one treasure is an ancient sanctus bell. In the springtide rooks and jackdaws caw around the belfry, and in the marsh below wild ducks and plovers utter their plaintive cries. The rectory, since rebuilt, and thereby losing many of its picturesque features, is close by, and what would be a village green, is a contracted space where cows are milked, geese gabble, and pigs grunt. In fact, owing to common rights, pigs and geese enjoy a freedom rarely possessed out of Wales — the pigs are not shut up, nor the geese housed, except at night. You may see them any day on Begelly Common, two or three miles from Gurfreston, homeward bound, retiring precisely at the same hour, the old gander giving the note of march, when his "quack quack" is taken up by his wives, and then responded to by the pigs grunting in chorus. These wise birds (who would mind being called a goose, after that?) know to a moment when the goodwife is ready with their food, and woe to her if not, for they will raise a deafening din about her ears. The lanes are narrow and the hedges high; the farming is primitive, and the meadows are unbroken by the plough. Hence Devonshire itself is not fuller of primroses, daffodils, violets, holly, roses, whitethorn may, honeysuckle, gorse, and ferns, to say nothing of the mallows and irises which grow along the marshes and pools. This good old priest was fond of nature in every form; he

was a bee-master, and would astonish his friends by walking about with his hands covered with live bees, all of which he said knew him; he knew the habits of birds, and beasts, and fishes, and reptiles; he took an interest in every creature that walks, or flies, or crawls. Woe to any one overdriving a horse or an ass up Gumfreston Hill; down he would come on the delinquent with his severest rebuke, ending however in his helping the horse or horses along.

But his study of nature was in the remotest past. Even cromlechs were modern to him. It is true he delved into tumuli and barrows, and unearthed the ashes of our prehistoric forefathers, but his vision ranged far beyond man's appearance on the earth. He mused of an age when the vale of St. Florence was a sea, and the Bristol Channel and the Severn Sea a valley, wherein roamed those interesting mammals, the woolly tiger, the mammoth, the hyæna, the cave bear, and the wild horse, whose bones he loved to excavate out of the caverns, where they once lived and reigned as the undisputed lords of the then existing creation.

It was a sight to see him set out for a day's digging, clad in a suit the reverse of clerical, his head covered with a broad-brimmed straw hat, armed with shovel, pick, and hammer, and looking as like a navy as did his friend Sedgwick, who was once taken for a road mender when on a geological tour, by a lady of rank, who gave him a shilling out of sheer compassion for his destitute appearance. This lady had been specially invited to meet the learned professor at a neighboring mansion, and he took her in to dinner. So what did Sedgwick do but tell the story at the table. "Here's the very shilling," said he, taking one out of his pocket.

One of Smith of Gumfreston's favorite resorts was Hoyle's Mouth, a cavern in the immediate neighborhood, the entrance to which resembles that of one of the catacombs at Rome. Here he would spend hours of downright hard labor, and his collection gained a far-famed notoriety, and people went from great distances to inspect it. In the year 1860 he read a paper on "The Bone Caves of Tenby," subsequently published. The specimens were duly arranged in glass cases, and have since been purchased for the Tenby museum. In my opinion, however, and in that of a good many more, he himself was the greatest curiosity of all. In person he was tall, well-proportioned, with a frame evincing great physical strength;

his head was intellectual, his eye as keen as a hawk's, and his beard ample, giving him the appearance of a patriarch of old; in fact, when his photograph was exhibited in one of our shop windows, children might be seen looking at it as a picture of the Father of the Faithful. He was very hospitable, but you never quite knew what reception you would meet, if you called at an inconvenient hour, or woke him up out of his afternoon's nap, an indulgence he was compelled to take owing to his persistency in beginning his studies at five o'clock in the morning. As he usually went to the door himself, it was a chance whether you would gain admission or no; his frequent salutation was, "What has brought you here?" And if he suspected curiosity, you might very likely have the door shut in your face.

He was fond of children, and used to invite them to the house; but his ideas of amusing them were somewhat peculiar. My children were asked to tea; they had dined early, come a long way through the woods, and were very hungry. Tea was announced, nicely buttered toast and tempting cakes were on the table, when the old gentleman persisted in unrolling a large map or plan of Stonehenge, and explaining it all for the space of half an hour. I am afraid the children thought he was giving them stones for bread. He had a little girl to spend the day at the rectory, and he was particularly anxious she should enjoy herself; so he asked her into the room wherein he took his post-prandial doze, told her she must not make any noise, but sit perfectly still on a stool; he then gave her "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" to look at. Being a very sensitive child, the hideous figures of burning and impaling and other tortures with which that exemplary volume is full, filled her with horrors and gave her starts and nightmares for many a week. He was fond of showing what he rather profanely, I shall say, called his trinity; three beautiful white pigeons, which came to his call and sat on three points of a portico or pent-house over the front door.

He loved flowers so well that he hardly liked to see them picked, and on one occasion a young girl, tempted by a beautiful rose, stepped aside from the road and picked it. Smith came marching with rapid step from the other side of the garden, followed the girl, who had passed on with her treasure, made her retrace her steps and replace the rose, saying, "See, you cannot make the rose grow again on its stem; but let this teach you

a lesson, not idly to cut short the life of a flower."

He soon found out if people knew the subjects they talked about, and nothing delighted him more than to meet with a kindred spirit. If he took a fancy to you he would ask you to spend a day with him; but it sometimes happened that he forgot all about it. Some friends paid him a call and were politely shown in. Incidentally he mentioned his difficulty in raising money for the restoration of the church which he had then in hand. The friends gave him a liberal donation, and a promise of some rose-plants. "I must be entertaining angels unawares," said he, looking towards the ladies of the party. He gave them a cordial invitation for tea and croquet the next Thursday. They came according to appointment, but were told they could not see him till after his nap. At five o'clock he came in. "Ah, my good friends, you have come to see where I am planting the roses." He then took them up the lane to see the view. "I cannot walk any further with you; let us say the Lord's Prayer, and part." He had forgotten all about the invitation.

A favorite inquiry of his was, "Have you said your prayers?" and he asked this of every one he met, grown-up people and children. Some ladies, accompanied by two officers of the army, visited the church. "I want to ask you a question," said he; "will you answer me?" "Yes, if we can." On putting it to the ladies, the answer was satisfactory. Seeing the officers getting out of his way, he called them back. "Did you say your prayers this morning?" "We are ashamed to say, no." "There's grace in you after all, if you are ashamed of yourselves; so kneel down on that grave, and say the Lord's prayer with me." The officers did, and thanked the old man.

Naturally his originality came out at church, and many of his sayings and doings would have matched Rowland Hill. Rubrics and Acts of Uniformity he cared nothing for; the good bishop winked at his irregularities; he had no "aggrieved parishioners," or if he had, he would have had it all out with them at the Easter Vestry. He was reverent in his way, but he lost no opportunity of showing that he attached no sanctity to places or things, saying, "I don't believe in holy bricks and holy mortar." He used to remove the Lord's table from the chancel wall for the celebration of holy communion, and invite his people to sit round it, blaming Laud for being the author (rightly enough)

of the present innovation, as he considered it. On a hot day he would take his surplice off, pull off his coat, and then put it on again over his shirt-sleeves, and all in the sight of the congregation. His favorite dog used to follow him to church, where he always kept very quiet. On being remonstrated with, he said, "Why should not my dog come to church? He is a better Christian than half my parishioners!"

At an autumn evening service, when about to preach, he came out of the chancel carrying a very attenuated candle. "Before I begin my sermon, I want to speak to you on gratitude for the blessing of artificial light. We are none of us sufficiently grateful for small mercies; this candle, for instance," holding it up, from which the grease was dropping. At that time there was no other light in the church.

He had some knowledge of music, and pitched the tunes on an old pipe. His selection must have been a queer one; for, like Moody and Sankey, he adapted any airs he pleased. Once he gave out, "We'll sing the hymn to the old melody of Robin Adair." He never lost an opportunity of singing. One day the clergy met at Pembroke station after the ruredecenal chapter. As usual with Welsh railways, the train was late; so, turning to his clerical friends, and the farmers and their wives, who had just left the market, he said, "Now that we are all together, why should we not sing?" He tried first one hymn, then another, but no one joined. So he burst out with, "What, cannot any of you sing? Brother Huntington, you try; Brother Birkett, you try;" but all to no effect; till at last, with many quaverings, he managed to raise the Old Hundredth Psalm, in which a few joined. Meanwhile, Mr. Birkett, of St. Lawrence, scholar, gentleman, and divine, vicar for nearly fifty years of the next parish, a man of the most refined ear for music, and whose choir was the pride of the countryside, and to whom a false note was as exquisite a torture as a false quantity, could endure it no longer. So he walked up and down the platform with his hands behind his back. After the train arrived and we three got into the carriage, Smith asked, "Birkett, what did you think of our singing?" "Well, to speak the truth, I thought it very coarse." "Coarse, man! Is that all you've got to say? Did it come from the heart?" "That," reverently pointing upwards, "is known only to One. You asked me what I thought of it, and I

thought it very coarse." "Coarse, indeed! if that's all you've got to say, I repudiate your friendship. I'll have nothing more to do with you." So he turned his back, and wouldn't take his old friend's proffered hand. However, the next day a letter was received, beginning, "My dear, my much tried, and much enduring friend, pray forgive me." Need it be said, that these two old acquaintances never had another word of dispute to the day of their death?

Smith's peculiarities used often to draw visitors from Tenby, and they went, if not much belied, to see what he would say and do. One Sunday evening he overheard through the hedge three young men saying one to the other, "Let's go and have a bit of fun out of old Smith." Perhaps he remembered a similar incident in the life of Rowland Hill. Anyhow, no sooner were they seated in the church, and he in the reading-desk, than he gave them a look they were not likely to forget. "So, young men, you've come here to have a bit of fun out of an old man of eighty, have you? I might ask you to leave the church; but I won't; for fools who come to scoff, sometimes remain to pray. Brethren, let us pray for these scoffers." On another occasion he divided his hearers into three: first, those who feared God; secondly, those who feared men; and thirdly, those who feared the devil. After describing the first, he said the second are a good-natured set of fellows, who will drink with any one, and who will say to any chance acquaintance, here is a shilling for you (holding one in his hand); the third are those profane men who have driven here from Tenby. I am afraid my temporary parishioners must occasionally have exasperated him, for he once called out from the pulpit, "I won't preach till all the Tenby people are out of the church." The truth is, he thought aloud. He had once been preaching on his favorite subject, the wonders of creation, and in the course of his sermon he quoted his own published lecture. Catching sight, however, of the publisher in church, he said, "I see my friend, Mr. M—, from Tenby here; you can buy the lecture from him for a shilling; it is cheap at the price."

He often commented, verse by verse, on the lessons instead of preaching a sermon. Friends of mine were present when the chapter contained the transaction of the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod. "Impudent hussy, dancing lewd and nude to amuse an old debauchee in

his cups! So when he had sight enough of her, he promised her whatever she might ask, to the half of his kingdom. Half of his kingdom, indeed! Why he had not half, nor a quarter of a kingdom to give! It was not his; he was only a tributary of the Roman emperor. So she asked her mother. And who should a young lass ask, if a man promises to give her anything, but her mother? Ay, but that depends on the sort of mother. So her mother told her to ask for the head of John Baptist in a charger. What! A dead man's head in a dish! A pretty sight, that, for a young woman! A pretty sort of mother, that! So you see that between them both they danced a saint's head off." Then glancing at some fashionable folk in church, he added, "Now mind you, good women, where you dance and how you dance, and with whom you dance; for they tell me there is dancing going on at Tenby that would please Herod a good deal more than it would either me or John the Baptist. Now don't dance your souls away, whatever you do with men's heads, which I dare say you know how to turn with your capers."

But fond of the country as he was, he did not look on it as an Arcadia; he knew the shortcomings of his parishioners, and spared no one a well-merited rebuke, or something more than a rebuke. The lax notions of Welsh people on courtship and matrimony are only too well known; the custom of "bundling" and of courting at unseemly hours has not yet died out. A stalwart youth thought he would try it on at Gurfreston rectory. Smith caught him in the kitchen when the family were thought to be at rest; so he took him by the shoulders and pushed him into a cupboard, where he locked him up and kept him in durance vile till the morning. The next Sunday the banns were published, and the sermon was on what would now be called "social morality."

His preaching was sometimes beautiful and even sublime, though always quaint. It was like a necklet of pearls ill-set, or jewels strung with pebbles. He was apt at illustration, and would take a flower-pot, or a bird's nest, or a piece of old pottery, or an Eastern lamp, or even a fossil bone into the pulpit, and then hand it round to the congregation.

He had a considerable acquaintance with rabbinical lore, and used to tell stories and legends from the Talmud, besides illustrating his expositions of Scripture from Oriental customs and the researches of travellers. In telling anecdotes and

using any common incident which struck him, he was as quaint and graphic as Master Hugh Latimer himself. He had a way of picking up ideas younger preachers might follow with advantage, for he used to fix on his subjects early in the week, think them over, and then discuss them openly with friends. He was never dry or tedious; you might smile, but you could not fall asleep under his preaching. His thoughts seemed to flow more freely in the open air, and his intense enjoyment of life made him at once a genial and a profitable companion. I never had much talk with him on his geological pursuits, for I should only have exposed my ignorance and brought on a well-merited snub.

One day he was delving with a scientific friend, when somehow the conversation turned on the being of Satan. I do not know what suggested it; possibly the weird traditions for which Pembrokeshire is noted. Thus there are on the coast two mighty fissures in which the sea bubbles and boils, which go by the names of "the devil's cauldron" and "the devil's punch-bowl." Then there are a number of monolithic stones called the "Harold stones." Giraldus tells us that Harold raised them on the western coast after he had ravaged it, and inscribed on each one "*Hic Haroldus victor fuit*," but the Pembrokeshire folk say that they were the quoits or bowls with which Harold, magnified by popular superstition into a puissant giant, used to play with the devil. As they went on in their strange, unearthly diversion, first the devil flung a stone, then Harold, till the devil picked up a church and flung it clean into the sea, where you may see it, they say, for yourself at Broadhaven. This was called the devil's last throw, and certainly the rock is wonderfully like a ruined church. He must have been fond of stone-throwing, and, I fear, taught the Welsh boys their naughty habit of stoning dogs and cats. They say that he was once crossing a valley near Pendine, on the coast, when his apron, filled with stones, broke, and they fell to the ground, where they may still be seen; and also the marks of his club foot as he stepped from one mountain to another, a distance of some ten or twelve miles.* When Smith's scientific friend suggested his doubts as to the being of the enemy of souls, Smith replied: "Oh, if I had not believed in the devil's existence, what a life I should have led at twenty-five!"

* Similar traditions are to be found in Brittany, "*Rocher du pied du Diable*."

People came from a distance to interview him, as the Americans say. One fine summer's day two clerics from the east of England went out from Tenby. They missed the way to the rectory, and so got away into the kitchen garden. Nearing the house, they observed a striking figure approaching in a white straw hat (was it the hat in which he shot the hare in the snow?), a white waistcoat, and grey trousers. It turned out to be Smith. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are trespassing." The friends, moved by his majestic bearing, begged to be forgiven.

"No," answered the outraged parson, "I won't forgive you."

As he said this, he eyed the trespassers from head to foot, till his gaze rested on their head-gear, — broad-brimmed, soft felt hats, then rather affected by those whom the world called Puseyites, but now common enough. This was what excited his wrath quite as much as the trespass. So bringing his survey into full focus on their heads, he burst out, "Oh, what hats! Do you ever expect to get to heaven in such hats as those?" The friends might have retorted; but they only suggested a hope to find a place there, after all.

"No," said he, "you won't in those hats;" which was true enough, no doubt.

On entering the church they were joined by a clergyman and a lady, apparently his wife, who had come with a view of getting some amusement out of the Pembrokeshire parson. Smith detected this at once, and whilst showing the various interesting features of the church, kept asking the stranger whether he knew this, that, or the other, in order to test him, or more likely to pose him. He got little in return for his pains — no answers came. All at once Smith broke off in his description of the church, and said most solemnly, "Let us pray!" and then he went through the Lord's Prayer in *Greek*. It looked a somewhat unusual interruption, yet he went through it seemingly as a matter of course, and then resumed his explanations.

After leaving the church he led the party to see the objects of interest outside, in describing which, he showed a knowledge of all kinds of "ologies," which he had at his finger-ends. His listeners seemed amused; but now was Smith's time to turn the tables on the flippant cleric. So after plying him with question after question, he stormed out with withering scorn, "I have talked to you about astronomy, geology, botany, and

zoology, and I know not what beside. I have asked you about things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth, and you seem to know nothing. *Pray, sir, what do you know?*" The gentleman addressed was speechless; ashamed, no doubt, of being exposed before the lady and the strangers. Let us hope that he went home a wiser man. Smith hated pretentiousness in any form, and could detect a charlatan in an instant.

He was an enthusiastic angler, and used to go to the riverside with his neighbor Birkett, of St. Florence, of whom I have already made mention. Of this "auld acquaintance," one who knew him well says, "He always reminded me in some respects of Charles Lamb — so simple, so scholarly, so loving."

Both the good old men could have said with Izaak Walton, "When I would beget content and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knoweth not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him."

I think they would have sympathized with the last words of Frank Buckland: "God is so good, so very good to the little fishes, I do not believe he would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone."

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided." When Mr. Birkett came to see his ancient friend on his death-bed, Smith said, "Dear friend, let us say the Lord's Prayer together once more, as we have so often said it. We shall soon not need it at all." One soon followed the other, and both are now at rest in their quiet churchyards.

Such as Smith was, we shall never see his like again. He belonged to a past order of things; one of those whose youth was spent before railways invaded the seclusion of out-of-the-way places. All his surroundings helped to intensify his strong individuality.

Remote from towns he ran his godly race, Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.

Simple in an age of ever-growing luxury, primitive in an age of pretentiousness,

endowed with the power of digesting and assimilating stores of knowledge, when others skip or skim the surface of some of the numerous shallow works with which the lighter literature of the day is flooded, he never named a book he had not read, nor a subject he did not understand. No doubt he was a little tiresome, but what clever man is not? Dr. Johnson was, Carlyle was, Whewell was, Sedgwick was, Thirlwall was. You or I, gentle reader, may be tiresome, without their cleverness, their wit, or their originality.

"Smith of Gurfreston" was not as other men are, and I venture to think it is something to rescue his name from oblivion, ere we ourselves take our journey to "the place where all things are forgotten."

GEO. HUNTINGTON.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE HUMORS OF A MENAGERIE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

WE live and learn.

From early childhood I have been in the habit of frequenting menageries, but not until lately have I had the opportunity of paying repeated and almost daily visits to the same menagerie, so as to become personally acquainted with the inmates.

Every one has heard of G. Sanger's collection of "wild beasts," many of which are scattered over the whole of England, and exhibited in connection with various performances. It is necessary that there should be a headquarters for the animals, and this is to be found at Margate. As the menagerie is within an easy walk of my house, I am in the habit of "dropping in" as I pass by, and keeping up an acquaintance with the inmates, some of which are known, at least by name, to the public.

There is, for example, the lion Wallace, which nearly killed his keeper a few years ago, and therefore has not been allowed to perform in public. There is the lioness which has made repeated balloon ascents. There is the seal which once belonged to the Polytechnic, and which always sat on the helmet of the diver as he disappeared beneath the water, etc. From seeing the same animals repeatedly, I have found a new interest in a menagerie.

To an ordinary visitor, the animals in a menagerie are very much alike, so that if forty or fifty lions or tigers were placed in the same enclosure he could no more

distinguish one from another than he could pick out an individual sheep from among a flock. Yet a shepherd could do so, and any keeper who knows his business can pick out his own lions or tigers from among any number of animals.

Of course there are certain characteristics which are common to all animals of the same species, but even in the external form there are distinctive expressions of the features and certain variations of structure which even a slight acquaintance enables an observer to detect. So it is with a pack of hounds, every one of which is personally known to the huntsman, the master, and indeed to all who are brought into contact with them.

Some years ago I had a great cage containing more than thirty canaries, nearly all of which I had bred. A visitor could seldom distinguish one from another, but to my eyes no two resembled each other, and each had its own name. There is as much individuality in disposition as in form, and any one who pays frequent visits to a menagerie and studies the characters of the inmates will find no small amusement and interest in the proceedings.

On my first visit I was suddenly startled by a loud crash behind me, and on turning round saw that a camel had dropped a tin pail. I picked up the pail, replaced it in the stall, and was surprised to see the animal take the handle of the pail in its mouth, hold it as high as it could reach, and again drop it on the ground.

At first I thought that the camel was only amusing itself, but afterwards learned from the keeper that it had other motives than mere amusement. Part of its food consists of a mash which is brought to it in the pail in question. The greater portion of the mash can be eaten without difficulty, but there is always a residue which adheres to the angle at the bottom of the pail, and cannot be reached by the lip or tongue. So when the camel has cleared the pail as far as possible it drops the vessel on the ground for the purpose of shaking the bran out of the crevice. As a rule the camel is not credited with much intellect, and I was greatly struck with such a proof of ingenuity.

As an example of the difference of temperament in creatures belonging to the same species, and subject to the same treatment, I may mention two tigresses.

Although I have repeatedly seen and talked to them, I should not know them apart, neither, if they were placed among

others of the same species, could I pick them out. But the keeper could do so — and, indeed, can hardly understand that any one could confound the one with the other. In disposition, however, they are as wide apart as the poles, the one being gentle, and desirous of notice, while the other is morose, suspicious, and seems to be little impressed even by the keeper's unfailing kindness.

One of these animals is quite an ally of mine, and will allow me to take almost any liberties with her, while the other is so surly that I have hardly dared to touch her. So, being desirous of preserving my hands and arms from being devoured by the wrong tigress, and knowing how frequently the attendants transfer the animals from one cage to another, I never trust my hand inside the cage until I have identified its inmate. This is easy enough. I stand in front of the cage, call the tigress by name, talk to her for a little while, and then invite her to come up to me. If it be the right animal she walks up and down the cage several times, coming nearer the bars each time, until she presses her side against them. Then when I begin to stroke her fur she settles herself down, just as a cat would do, and quite enjoys being patted and stroked and talked to, mostly stretching herself and relieving her feelings with a mighty yawn and long-drawn grunt.

Occupying the next cage is a fine male leopard, which is quite as friendly as the tigress, and expects to be treated in the same manner. But he is mortally jealous of her, and so after talking to her I always give him a pat and a few kind words.

Nearly the whole of one end of the building is occupied by a single large cage, in which are placed a number of animals, which would seem to be antagonistic to each other. But the keeper, Walter Stratford, takes a pleasure in placing in the same cage exactly those animals which would appear to be most incongruous as comrades, and trying to make them agree with each other.

Here is a list of the creatures which occupied this cage together on my first visit. Twelve monkeys of various species; two racoons, a coaitimondi; four cats; a jackal; a porcupine; a goat; two pigs, several geese and ducks; a small white Pomeranian dog and her two children, of which the jackal was the father; and a few rabbits and guinea-pigs. A more miscellaneous assemblage it is not easy to imagine, and yet these creatures

find a strange happiness in each others' company.

For example, after the goat had been in the cage for a few weeks, Stratford thought that it was rather cruel to deprive her of fresh air and liberty, and so took her out of the cage, and led her by a horn to the lawn which occupies the centre of the establishment. No sooner had he loosened his grasp of her horn than she turned round, dashed at full speed into the house, and took up her station under the cage, waiting to be readmitted. The pigs exhibited a similar attachment to the cage. The monkeys were incessantly riding on the backs of the pigs, and could never be made to understand that a pig's tail could not be straightened if it were only pulled long enough; not to mention that Rose, the little white dog, was never tired of barking at them, and that the goat never allowed them to eat anything until she had satisfied her own hunger. One day the proprietor ordered the pigs to be removed and fattened for market. But the keeper found that they would not eat, and were pining for the society of their strange comrades. So he replaced them, and actually fattened them in the cage; the first time, I believe, that such a feat has ever been attempted.

Whenever several animals occupy the same habitation, one of them always takes the command, just as is the case with schoolboys among ourselves. In this cage the ruler is the little dog Rose, which exercises her authority by sheer force of character, and reigns despotically over animals far larger and more powerful than herself. Next in power comes the goat, the third being the porcupine. I think, however, that he might, if he chose, be the principal chief, for, whenever he likes he can clear the floor of his companions by erecting his quills and backing against them. He is, however, being nocturnal by nature, rather disposed to sleep during the day than to contend for his rights, and so allows Rose and the goat the precedence which he might claim for himself.

A remarkable friendship exists between this porcupine and a little black Manx cat. Even when the porcupine takes it into his head to execute the remarkable series of pirouettes with which he drives away all the other inhabitants of the cage, the Manx cat contents herself with keeping out of reach of his spines, and as soon as he allows his weapons to droop, and settles himself in his own particular corner, she sidles up to him, and squeezes herself against him, so that it is scarcely

possible to distinguish one animal from the other, the skin and hair of the porcupine being as black as the fur of the cat.

It is most interesting to see how harmoniously all these animals live together. The restless coati traverses the whole cage, sometimes trotting over the floor, and sometimes clambering the bars and wires, and poking its long snout into the ribs of the racoons, as they hang in their favorite position on the roof of the cage, with their heads thrust through the bars. In this attitude they look exactly as if they had accidentally pushed their heads through the bars, and could not pull them back again. Many a time have compassionate visitors summoned a keeper for the purpose of releasing the apparently imprisoned animals.

Possibly from a wholesome respect for the porcupine's spears, the monkeys mostly restrict themselves to the bars and ropes at the upper half of the cage. Now and then there is the usual skirmish among themselves, without which monkeys seem to be incapable of enduring life. Occasionally an irrepressible monkey seizes the tail of a jackal as it passes under him with the peculiar trit-trot of its race, hauls it up into the air until the jackal yells with mixed anger and terror, and then swings himself among the bars above, and grins at his victim in derision.

As to the rabbits and guinea-pigs, they seem to be simple nonentities, and the monkeys do not meddle with them. There is some fun in pulling the tail of a pig or jackal, because the one will squeal and the other will yell. But rabbits and guinea-pigs make no outcry, and therefore are allowed to go their own stupid way. Ducks and geese too, being noisy birds, afford a momentary joy when suddenly suspended by the neck or wing, but the jackals seem to give the most sport, their tails being irresistible to any of the monkey race. It is very amusing to watch a jackal trotting along with bushy tail erect, while it suddenly recollects that it is passing under a bar tenanted by a monkey. The way in which it droops its tail and scurries out of reach of the monkey's paw seems to amuse its persecutor almost as much as a successful grasp at its victim. As to the jackals themselves, they slink away for a moment, but soon forget their previous experiences, and run the same risk again.

There is a striped hyæna, which is one of the most excitable animals that I ever met. I talk to him and he talks to me after his own fashion, uttering the most

weird and gruesome sounds. He always follows these by rolling over on his back, grinning and chuckling, and ends by a series of short yelps.

If the keeper should happen to be rather late in cleaning the cage in the morning, the animals all have their several modes of calling him; and when he has made the cage comfortable, they immediately become frisky.

To see three lions playing and leaping, as if they were so many kittens, is a most amusing sight. We have all seen a kitten spring into the air, turn a somersault, and come down on its back. The lions behave in exactly the same manner, and the thump with which a lion comes down on the wooden floor of the cage is something worth witnessing.

The gnu testifies its delight by uttering a series of short, sharp, piercing barks, which are heard distinctly even through the lions' roar, and executes the most singular and fantastic gambols, rearing, and kicking, and spinning round and round, as if it were bereft of its senses, its tail whirling about as if spun round by machinery.

I rather fancy that the name of gnu is derived from its peculiar bark, which is unlike that of any other animal which I know. If you try to pronounce the word as shortly and loudly as possible, and at the same time throw a barking sound into it, you will produce a fair imitation of the yelp of the gnu. At each bark the animal throws up its head sharply, as if to jerk the sound out of its throat, very much as a dog does.

Even in its wild state, the gnu indulges in these ludicrous pranks. It is an inquisitive animal, and when it feels confidence in its visitor, is attracted by any bright object. The hunters take advantage of this propensity to get within range of the gnu. They tie a red handkerchief to a stick, fasten it in the ground, and then lie down by the side of it. The gnus at first take fright, and scurry away, but soon halt, and gaze at the unknown object from a distance. Curiosity, however, impels them to draw nearer and nearer, until at last they come within range of the rifle bullet.

There is an Axis stag, which makes a great turmoil until he obtains his clean straw. As soon as he receives it, he stoops down, takes it up on his horns, and tosses it about as if he were making hay. Then he will walk about for some time with a quantity of straw on his horns, and seem quite proud of it. This performance

always fascinates a tigress which inhabits an opposite cage, and as soon as the stag takes the straw on his horns, she stares steadily at him, never taking her eyes off, or changing her posture until he has become quiet.

There are two wolves occupying one cage, and at feeding-time they always afford great amusement.

The keeper gives them one large piece of meat, generally a portion of the side with several ribs in it. They tear it off the fork, and then seize it on opposite sides, their noses nearly touching each other. They growl and haul against each other, but neither dares to loosen his hold of the meat to bite lest the other should finish it. At last one of them tears off a portion, and begins to swallow it as ravenously as he can. His companion immediately runs to the farthest corner of the cage, and tries to eat as much as he can before the other returns for more, keeping his head carefully in the corner, so that the meat may be out of reach. A struggle then ensues, until both have again taken hold of the meat, and then the whole business is repeated until the meat is finally consumed. I have noticed that, although this mode of feeding seems as if it might be unfair to one of the animals, each wolf gets his half of the food almost as accurately as if they had been fed separately.

Among the many inhabitants of this menagerie there is a polar bear, which is another of my special friends, taking a piece of biscuit out of my hand as gently as if he were a dog. He is a playful beast, and dearly loves a practical joke. He lives in a large double cage, made in two stages, the dwelling stage being three or four feet above the lower stage, which contains his bath. A short, broad flight of steps leads from the upper stage to the bath, so as to enable the bear to enter or leave the water.

But when the animal sees a number of visitors round the cage, he has a way of plumping into the bath without using the steps, thus splashing the nearest spectators from head to foot. I am certain that this is done with malice prepense, as I never saw him jump into the water except on such occasions.

These are a few of the many humors of a menagerie; and I can assure the reader that he will find much more interest in frequenting one menagerie, and studying the individualities of its several inmates, than in paying casual visits to a number of collections without making the personal acquaintance of the inhabitants.

From The Spectator.
THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE protests of the *Spectator* against the imperfect way in which travellers commonly record their impressions of the external aspect of countries they visit have encouraged the present endeavor to describe—in such a manner that readers may form distinct and faithful (though of necessity incomplete) mental pictures—some of the most beautiful and impressive scenes on the continent of Australia. Such an aim is surely the proper object of verbal descriptions of scenery, which, if they do not enable us to gratify the “visualizing curiosity,” remain mere additions to our knowledge of natural history or local geology.

It will simplify the task and further the end in view if, in the first place, an account be given of some of the meteorological conditions which usually obtain in Australia, and of certain almost universal characteristics of Australian scenery; and secondly, if that part of the Blue Mountain range with which we are now concerned be shortly described in a general manner. A few remarks on each of these topics are therefore offered.

Let it, then, be said that the weather is almost always very fine, the sky intensely blue, and on perhaps a majority of days in the year absolutely cloudless. The air, especially away from the coast, is clear to a degree almost, if not quite, unknown in this country, and consequently one can generally see as far as on a very fine day in England, say, fifty miles, and often farther. An Australian in London, even in high-lying suburbs like Hampstead and Highgate, on days when a Londoner will scarcely notice that a very fine haze, miles of which scarcely dim the view to a perceptible extent, pervades the air, will roundly complain of the “fog.” (So much for the weather.) It should be borne in mind also that though, owing to atmospheric and other causes, most Australian scenery has great richness and variety of hues, the vivid green which is the greatly predominating color in five-sixths of the landscapes of these islands, is most rare. Many other colors, vivid enough, there are in profusion, especially in the parks and gardens with which Australians are so fond of ornamenting their towns; but unless it be tree-ferns in shady gullies, scarcely anything is of a thoroughly refreshing green. The grass especially, except on the downs, is commonly coarse and scant; and very early in the season

it is generally burnt by the sun to a disagreeable brown hue. This, however, is not so great a detraction from the beauty of an extended prospect as it is from that of the country in one's immediate neighborhood. The paddocks are usually parched, and the cattle in them poor,—with harsh coats and protuberant bones,—to a degree almost painful to the visitor from a more humid climate. An Irish, or even a Middlesex meadow, with its sleek and well-fed occupants, would be a revelation to most untravelled Australians. Ask any of the Australian visitors to the Exhibition what he is most struck by in this country. The chances are that he will say the complexions of the girls and the greenness of the grass and trees. The forest, or “bush,” that forms a principal part of most Australian scenery, is of a hue very different from that of any British wood. Nine out of ten of the trees—probably one might say ninety-nine out of a hundred—are gum trees, mostly blue or red gums (which are superficially very much alike); and some of the other trees have a considerable general resemblance to the eucalypti. (There are, nevertheless, pine woods in some localities; for instance, in the gold district around Ballarat.) Individually, gum-trees, though some near Melbourne are the tallest trees in the world, not even excepting the Yosemite pines, are for the most part straggling and ungraceful, and the foliage almost always has a meagre appearance. The color of the foliage of a mature tree (except the young leaves, which are never numerous) is a dark green, of about the same hue as the leaves of a fuchsia on the upper surface, the under side being whitish; and in almost all of the various kinds there is upon them a “bloom” of a very distinct bluish tinge. Half-a-mile away, a forest of eucalypti, unless umbered by the solstitial heats, appears entirely of this characteristic blue color, the shade deepening with distance to a dark indigo; and such a forest, viewed from above, has this beauty,—that the tree-tops, being rounded, do not form an undistinguishable thicket, but, as in an oak forest, the dividual roundure of each distinctly appears.

It is now desirable to give a short general description of the Blue Mountains, and to call attention to their most remarkable features. This name, then, is given to a mountain chain in New South Wales the main part of which runs approximately parallel to the coast-line, at an average distance of about forty miles, and is,

measured roughly, two hundred miles long and fifty broad. That part of the range in which we are at present interested, however, lies within a single county, sixty miles long by forty four broad. That county, named after Captain Cook, contains more than a million acres, and almost the whole of it is mountainous. The highest point in it is considerably over four thousand feet, and the average height of the land throughout the county is about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. There is hardly anything that can be called a peak, though there are long ridges leading up to the highest points, the surface lying for the most part in gentle slopes many miles in length and width. The greater part of the surface of Cook County is clothed with a thick, low scrub, but still considerable districts are covered with the ordinary bush, consisting principally of gum-trees. Throughout almost the whole area of the county, except in the valleys, the surface stratum is a ferruginous sandstone, which forms an important feature, as will appear, in the scenery. Doubtless, if there were any ploughed fields, the humus would be found tintured, as it is in Devonshire, by the all-permeating iron rust; but as things are, where there are no boulders or chasms, the rufous dust of the road alone shows the nature of the geological formation. There are very few inhabitants in the county, three or four thousand perhaps, and the few enclosures are made with the ordinary red posts and rails of gum-timber, or with gum-wood posts and iron wire.

If a model of Cook County were constructed, like that, known to many by photographs, which has been made from the Ordnance Survey of the English Lake District, and is now exhibited at Keswick, it would resemble nothing so much as one of those Chinese puzzles which are made from thin slabs of wood, by cutting out with a fret saw, in as sinuous and intricate a manner as possible, as much of the wood as can be removed without destroying the slab, the object being to make the task of replacing the fantastically shaped pieces in the corresponding spaces from which they have been excised, as difficult and perplexing as possible. In several salient features besides the similarity of plan, such as the verticality of the sides, their convergence near the mouth till they form mere gorges, and the projection of peninsular masses, the resemblance between these valleys and the spaces in the puzzle would be almost exact.

It is trusted that the reader's mind has been prepared by the preceding descriptions—as the artist's paper is prepared with preliminary washes of pigment—to receive impressions of some definiteness of outline and distinctness of color, of the scenes to be depicted. Let us, then, imagine ourselves starting on a fresh morning in September—early spring—from a hotel three thousand feet above the sea-level, to visit the Kunimbla Valley. There has been a slight frost during the night, and at this elevation the air is deliciously fresh and exhilarating after the heat and dust of Sydney. Opposite the hotel a laughing jackass is sitting motionless on a post. He is as large as a big rook, and, according to Mr. Froude, in "Oceana," has "the shape of a jay." He is more like a kingfisher in shape, though; and naturally so, for he *is* a kingfisher,—*Dacelo gigas*, the great brown kingfisher, to wit. If we had not slept too soundly in the mountain air, we might about sunrise have heard his peculiar clamor,—a low, gurgling chuckle, increasing gradually in tone till it ends in an obstreperous cackinnation, "mocking and malicious," as Mr. Froude says, such laughter as Gabriel Grub heard in the churchyard; but we are not likely to have another chance of hearing it until evening, as his risibility is not easily provoked, except at the beginning and end of the day. He has probably been sitting on the post for hours, and, if not disturbed, may sit there half the day, especially as the season is still too cold for the snakes he feeds on to leave their winter quarters and entice him off his perch. The sun is warm, but not hot or dazzling, and except for a few white patches, sailing slowly at a great height, the sky is still cloudless. There is little wind. We have only a quarter of a mile to walk, and our way lies through the bush. As we go, a king parrakeet, resplendent in scarlet and green, crosses the path, with the swerving, irresolute flight of his tribe; it is almost a question which is the brightest,—the burnished green of his back and wings, or the flaming scarlet of his head and breast. He at least is of a green sufficiently vivid. It is too early in the year, however, for us to find many of the parrot tribe on the cold hills, and we meet with few living things. A turn in the path shows an opening in the bush, and in a moment we are looking forward fifteen miles across a valley twelve hundred feet deep. A *valley* indeed! But like no other valley anywhere existing, save in poet's vision, or

fable of Eastern enchantment. Here is no "brae," sloping gently from the mountain crest to the bottom of the vale; the cliff on which we stand is absolutely perpendicular, and the vast track below, except a few isolated hills in the far distance, is perfectly flat. It seems as though the land had sunk gently down in its integrity, bearing with it undisturbed the forest which for many a mile covers the whole broad bottom of the gulf, and leaving a stark precipice in the rent bosom of the earth. The forest below exactly resembles that in the shade of which we stand. Above, the trees grow thick to the very edge of the chasm; below, the branches brush the foot of the precipitous wall. Here and there a patch of grass, green with the moisture of rivulets that run unseen beneath the trees, smiles brightly in the sun.

Straight across the valley, ten miles away, the bush becomes gradually less dense, and for several miles on this side of a bank of violet haze, fifteen miles distant, beyond which we cannot see, there is open pasture. A white house, the dwelling-place of a squatter, lies just within the verge of the forest. The smoke of a gum-wood fire issues from the roof and hangs aloft in an azure cloud. No other sign of human life appears. To the right, a quarter of a mile off, our view is blocked abruptly by a promontory which stands out several hundred yards further into the valley. If we could see beyond it, nothing would appear but the same level floor, covered with the same leafy carpet — so immense is the depth, that the forest scarcely seems more than a thick, yielding carpet, — which stretches fifty miles, as we can see, and we know not how much farther, on our left front. On this, the left side, we can follow the enormous escarpment, trending slightly forward from our point of view, for four or five miles. Its irregularity is wonderful. Everywhere perpendicular, it stands like some majestic coast, worn by the roll of Atlantic billows; its fretted coves flanked by jutting nesses; its sweeping bays "battered impregnable" by broad-fronted capes. Marvellous in proportion and outline, this stupendous curtain of rock astonishes almost as much by the boldness and singularity of its coloring. Whitish gray from the foot upwards for four-fifths of its height, it is everywhere surmounted by a broad even band, or continuous cornice, of a clouded rose color. In a degree striking even among the landscapes of a sunny clime, the scene is steeped in color.

The deep blue sky, with its few fleecy, gleaming clouds; the veil of shimmering haze and sapphire wreath of smoke; the indigo gulf below, with its emerald glades (like patches on a green sea where sunbeams fall through rifts in an overshadowing cloud), on one side stretching to the furthest zone of vision, on the other bounded by the giant rampart with its battlement of coral, — all combine to intoxicate, without satiating, the whole being, like a deep draught of wine "when it is red," in a suffusive libation of sumptuous color. Admiration falls faintly from the lips, or, hushed by the serene glory of the scene, remains unuttered. Many hours might we gaze, forgetting time and care, without any loss of delight or diminution of our wonder; nor could custom stale the joy, or daily familiarity by aught impair the exulting reverence, which such a prospect would ever inspire.

We have left little space to describe another scene, not less impressive in its way, but different in many respects. In some, however, it is the same. It is another valley; it is a thousand feet deep, and its sides also are perpendicular. The cliffs, too, are colored exactly like those others; all the cliffs in the district, indeed, are so colored. The bottom of the valley, again, is flat, and covered, as in the other case, with thick forest. We will take our station at the end of this valley and survey it. The end where we stand is from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and the sides, always about that distance apart, wind before us for seven or eight miles, until the view is closed by a sharper turn than the others. We stand on a large, flat rock, overhanging the abyss. We drop straight from the hand, without throwing it, a stone over the edge of the rock, and as we watch its accelerating fall, in a few seconds it disappears among the trees, many yards from the base of the cliff. There is a small waterfall close by us, and there are several others along the head and sides of the valley; but not much water is now going over the cliffs. After rain they must add much to the beauty of the scene, which even now is supremely lovely. Right below us a line of tree-ferns, delightfully fresh and green, shows where the water from the nearest waterfall runs in a small, unseen rill. The trees at the bottom are seventy feet in height, yet they look like shrubs. The tree-ferns look like green stars. If we would descend into the valley, and reach the spot at our feet, we must make a circuit of twenty miles. The whole valley

seems, and once may not impossibly have been, a noble fiord, raised by the gradual upheaval of the land until the ocean whose waves once laved its sides and filled its basin to a profound depth — a harbor for an imperial navy — was left many a league away, hoarsely mourning its primeval memories. Such is the scene to which the colonists, countenancing a terrible legend which tells that a bushranger, hard pressed by pursuing officers, preferred a self-inflicted death in the abyss to suffering the penalty of the law, have given the name of Govett's Leap. But let us not turn away from these scenes of marvel and magnificence with a shocking or humiliating thought. The story is not true. Govett was no bushranger, nor did any one ever take that awful leap. He was a trusty government official, who first accurately surveyed and mapped this labrynthine district.

From The Saturday Review.
THE THAMES LEVEE.

AMONG the many walks round London which are open to the Saturday or Sunday tramp, there is one where his footstep is never heard. The curious and inquisitive traveller has this walk all to himself. It is a lonely and deserted walk; one can go for miles without encountering a soul; it is, further, a place continually swept by all the breezes that blow. Lonely as it is, it runs along a highway up and down which thousands of busy people are continually passing. And it has many other singularities. There is, strange to say, never a public-house upon this road from end to end; there is no dust upon it even in the dustiest weather; there are no mile-stones upon it; there are no policemen, beggars, vagrants, or tramps upon it; there are neither villages nor houses on it; the road leads nowhere and has neither beginning nor end; nothing ever happened upon it; no novelist or poet has seized upon it; no shilling dreadful is connected with it; there is not even a church upon it, in which respect it stands absolutely alone among English roads, not even excepting Tottenham Court Road, which can boast of a very imposing chapel, though it has no church; the road is never up for repairs, or for the gas-pipes, water-pipes, or sewers, because these pipes are strangely absent from this road. Yet it is, in spite of these defects, a most curious and interesting road to walk upon, and

from it one may visit certain curious and interesting places.

This road is, in fact, the *levee* dyke, embankment, or riverside wall which protects the low-lying lands on either side of the lower Thames. The wall is of very considerable antiquity; how old, no one knows; but there appears to be nothing, either in history, legend, or the evidence of masonry, which can show the date of its first construction. The area which it protects is all low, and for the most part is lower than the high-tide level, so that in former times it must have presented very much the appearance of the delightful foreshore of Southend or Leigh or the upper part of Portsmouth and Hayling harbors at low tide. A part of the wall was formerly kept in repair at the charges of Barking Abbey, and an inundation is recorded of the year 1376, which broke down the wall and covered the lands belonging to the Abbey. There seems also reason for believing that the wall must have been first erected when the Abbey, to which the low lands south of Barking belonged, was under the rule of the sainted Ethelberga and her immediate successors. The northern wall now begins, though formerly it doubtless ran much further west, at the gates of the Victoria Docks, unless it has been built over in the last year or two, and runs, with hardly a break, all the way to the little port of Leigh, near Southend. Another wall is carried round the Isle of Canvey, the whole of which is below the level of high tide. The southern wall, which formerly began at Greenwich, is continued as far as the Medway. Let us follow the work along the northern bank, beginning at Barking — there are reasons, not wholly unconnected with the fragrance of certain works, why the exploration should not begin higher up the river — and ending for the present at Tilbury, which is, in fact, quite as far as a very robust Saturday tramp would care to attempt in a single day where the going is so rough.

The wall is about fifteen feet high, of uniform construction, being five feet, or thereabouts, broad at the top, and sloping at an angle of about 30° riverwards, where it is faced with stone, and at a steeper incline, which is covered with grass, towards the land. The meadows which it protects, called after the places to which they are adjacent, as Barking Marsh, Rainham Marsh, and Thurrock Marsh, are not, at first, pretty to look at, and in the winter must present an inexpressibly dreary appearance; but they brighten up

as one gets lower down the river, and presently, in this sweet season of July, become luxuriant with long grass and corn already tall. There is, however, one cannot but observe, a remarkable lack of wild flowers, not only in the meadows, but also in the grass-grown slope of the wall, which in some parts of the country would at this time be covered with flowers. Then there are neither hedges nor trees, and there is no sign of man's presence; the fields are absolutely lonely and deserted; there are even no roads visible anywhere, unless remains of old embankments called mannaways be taken for roads—this corner of Essex, so near to London, and yet so little known, has very few roads—and the place is without birds. At Hampstead the cuckoo calls and the lark sings; here there is nothing except, in one place, a single flock of rooks, which are so surprised that any man should come along the wall that they nearly suffer the traveller to step upon them. Perhaps the breeze which continually sweeps up and down the river is too strong for the small birds; perhaps the absence of woods and cover keeps them away. Low-lying, flat, treeless, and hedgeless, silent and deserted, these marshes, with the sun falling upon them, hot and strong, from the south west, and, in the background, with a bank of black and thunderous cloud over them, impress the mind even if they cannot be called beautiful. The windings of the wall follow, of course, the windings of the river; and, as Father Thames winds and curves his banks a great deal more than would be gathered from a map on any scale short of six inches to the mile, the distance from place to place by way of the wall is considerably greater than the shortest length between two points. This, however, when one is not anxious to get anywhere, matters little; and there is a certain advantage in being able to hold on one's hat, as the road turns and winds, by either hand in turn. As for the view riverwards there is, beyond the stream, the rising ground of Kent behind the marshes of Plumstead and Dartford, clothed with trees. With the exception of Erith, there is little to note between Woolwich and Gravesend. Formerly the towers of Lessness Abbey rose moderately—'twas a modest foundation—above the woods, but these are now gone, and even its walls are in ruins. How many London people know that such a ruin, which would be one of the sights of a watering-place, exists at their very doors? As for the river,

everybody knows what to expect of it; yet, somehow, standing on the wall, and watching the craft go up and down, more, much more, is seen than one expected. The "silent highway" is so noisy; it is so crowded and so busy; so full of ships which are pressing up or down as if there was no time to spare, and a great deal of money might be lost by an hour's delay, the ships themselves seeming like human creatures, impelled by the tyrant, who, as Alcofribas Nasier has pointed out, was the first master of arts; the great steamer, the little steamer, the noisy tug, the heavily laden lighter, the timber ship—none but Norwegian sailors, could, nowadays, handle a craft under full sail so dexterously—the collier, the Thames yacht, and—can it—can this be the Margate hoy? One had thought that this build must be as extinct as the galliot, the bilander, or the ketch; yet, if pictures prove anything, yon craft is none other than a hoy. In the old days our grandfathers took their families to Margate by the hoy; the voyage lasted, sometimes, when the wind changed, seven-and-twenty hours; very often the provisions ran out, so that those who were not half killed by seasickness were compelled to endure the pangs of famine. Whatever the craft, she is ploughing her way up stream, among the steamers, with the utmost determination, and a kind of pride in herself, as if she loved her sails and despised steam. Presently there comes swiftly up the river and overtakes the poor old hoy, with very little more noise than if she was under sail, a long, narrow, venomous torpedo-boat.

There are lying adjacent to the wall several curious places as little touched as yet by their proximity to London as if they were two hundred miles away. Barking, for instance, has faults of her own, but no one can say that these are derived from her great neighbor. She is dirty, mean, and insignificant, but she is an Essex village. The town stands upon Barking Creek, which is none other than the silver Roding, loved by those who fish for jack in the fields of Chigwell. There was once here a most splendid abbey, the abbess of which ranked as a baroness, and was a very great lady indeed. Now, there is nothing left of the great convent except an old gateway, which stands over the entrance to the churchyard, and nothing at all, not even her name, remembered of the good St. Ethelberga, the first abbess. Yet she worked miracles. The river is a mile and a half south of the

town, and the way leads past factories which would make the visitor take pride in the enterprise of his country but for their smell. He has to begin his journey along the wall, too, by running the gauntlet of three or four chemical works. The science of smells is yet in its infancy, yet we may lay it down as a general rule that what mignonette, rose, and jasmine are at one end of the science—say the violet end, to compare the science with the prismatic colors—the chemical factory is at the other, or the red end, possessing, that is to say, exactly opposite qualities. The questions of intensity, area, and development are not connected with this comparison. Once past the chemical works, however, there is no more offence to the nostrils; but, on the contrary, a strong breeze blowing straight up the river fresh from the sea. Two or three miles down the river we come upon a thing most unexpected and surprising; for who would think to find in these marshes a great sheet of water edged with trees and tall reeds black as a Cumberland tarn and as lonely as Easedale? This is Dagenham Lake, and it is as well known to East London lovers of the gentle craft as Kingsbury Lake to those who dwell westwards, being full of jack, roach, and eels. There is, however, no Welsh Harp, and its waters are only fished on Sunday. The lake, although little known west of the town, has its history. In December, 1707, a breach was made in the river wall, and about a thousand acres of land were inundated; it was not for several years afterwards that the wall was repaired and the meadows drained, and there the lake remained. A commission was appointed to make a periodical inspection of the wall, and this inspection, oddly enough, gave rise to the ministerial whitebait dinner, which began with the invitation of the commissioners to Mr. Pitt to dine at Dagenham off fish caught in the lake, and whitebait taken in the river. The dinner became more sumptuous and more ministerial, but it was not until 1834 that it ceased to be an inspection dinner, and began to be held at Greenwich. An attempt was made in 1866 to construct a dock and canal here, but the project was abandoned, and part of the dock gate alone remains, with a piece of the canal. The village of Dagenham is about two miles inland, where the ground begins to rise. The first riverside town reached is Rainham, a quiet, sleepy place, full of trees and gardens, orchards and flowers; it has a church worth examining, and a great

brick house, close by the church, which serves as vicarage to the next parish. There is also a wharf at Rainham Creek, and there are barges, which betoken trade, lying in the mud. The father of Churchill, the poet, was rector of Rainham. Three miles more of the wall bring us to Purfleet, where the chalk cliff comes down to the river, and has been quarried into all kinds of fantastic shapes, which stand like ruined walls and bastions among the orchards. Off the shore at Purfleet lies the Cornwall reformatory ship. There is nothing more to observe from the dyke until we come to the crumbling old church of West Thurrock, which stands quite alone, without a house near it, just within the river wall, and is as unexpected as Dagenham Lake. Here was once a religious house, traces of which can still be seen; the church itself is said to have been used as a gathering place for the pilgrims from the eastern counties to Canterbury. The period of its construction is interesting, because it bears upon the disputed date of the wall, which must certainly be older than the church. A tablet on the flint and chalk tower is said to have once borne the date of 1040, which would thus push the building of the wall back to a period before the Norman Conquest. According to some antiquaries, however, there is nothing to connect the great embankment with anything older than the thirteenth century. A mile or two further along the bank brings us to a town which seems to have been built the day before yesterday, with long rows of small houses in grey brick, a big chapel, and ugly streets. This is, however, the ancient town of Gray's or Gray's Thurrock, which has grown suddenly out of its antiquity, started certain factories, and become a thriving place. But it must have been much prettier in its earlier form. The Shaftesbury and the Exmouth training ships lie off Gray's. If the traveller now desires to reach Tilbury, he had better leave the wall at this point and seek his goal by a circuitous and very dusty road; or he may break a bylaw and walk down the line; but, if he continue on the wall, he will presently encounter a great stone wall enclosing the new Tilbury docks and barring progress. Then he will have to turn and retrace his steps. At the docks he will find, beside the great basin ready for all the ships in the world, with offices ready for all the trade in the world, a certain establishment in the newest style, with electric lights, porters and pages, where he can get a dinner, which

if not so good as that of the Ship or the Trafalgar, is certainly better than that which the ministers of his Majesty King George III. used to get at Dagenham Lake.

From All The Year Round.
IN HELIGOLAND.
IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

THE month of June, 1864, was waning towards its close. On the 20th all England rang with the last exploit of the Confederate steamer Alabama, which had been resting a few weeks in the sheltering port of Cherbourg, closely watched by the Federal man-of-war Kearsarge. On the night of the 18th her captain landed specie, papers, and one hundred and two chronometers, representing the number of Northern States ships she had taken, sunk, or burned on the high seas during the past year, and placed them in charge of Messrs. Saunders and Ottley. She had then gone outside the French harbor, till just beyond the three-mile radius, when the little flimsy blockade-runner, built by Laird, of Birkenhead, solely for speed, challenged the heavy corvette to mortal combat. The engagement was rendered more unequal still, by the fact of the 'cute Northerner having cleverly fastened his chain cables into a belt round her vital parts, rendering her practically an ironclad. After an hour's fierce fighting the Alabama, which had been repeatedly hulled at close range, went slowly down, all standing, colors flying, a few sails still aloft, men at their guns and actually firing till the water rose above them. As she sank out of sight, her crew, like a black cluster of bees on the surface, were rescued mainly by Mr. Lancaster, of the Royal Yacht Squadron steamer Deerhound, who had hovered perilously near, foreseeing what the end must be. Captain Semmes and about forty officers and men were brought on board the yacht, while the Kearsarge's boats saved the remainder. The Deerhound, having Captain Semmes on board, for whose capture the United States had offered so large a reward, and fearful that he would be demanded of them as a prisoner of war, steamed quickly away for Cowes, and was out of signal distance before the Kearsarge, busily engaged in saving the drowning and wounded sailors, had found out that she was gone.

In June, 1864, the Austrians and Prussians combined were at war with Denmark, who had been bereft, one by one, of her richest provinces and fair Schleswig-Holstein, and were resting under the shadow of an armistice to gain breath, after a victorious campaign quite unprecedented in rapidity. Alsen, a valuable and fertile island in the Little Belt, had lastly succumbed to the allies, and the beating heart of England winced as blow after blow was struck at the overmatched country, feeling that nothing now would induce our rulers to interfere, short of poor Christian the Ninth being dragged from the throne he had so lately mounted. Denmark found England and her "family alliance" but a broken reed in 1864.

H. M. S. Aurora, under Sir Leopold M'Clintock of Arctic fame, had been a witness on the 9th of May, from her anchorage off Heligoland, to the action between the Danes and Austrians, in which the Austrian frigate Schwartzenberg was partially dismasted, and the Danes victorious, their enemies being compelled, for the first time during the war, to retire before them with serious losses. These brave, hardy descendants of Odin and the great Norse sea-kings proved themselves to be in no way deteriorated. The plunder and dismemberment of Denmark in 1864 by Austria and Prussia had a parallel in 1807, when our gallant seamen (as one who was there has often told me), with shame at their hearts, seized the Danish fleet by order of the English government, in order to forestall the emperor Napoleon in his intention of doing so! Great Britain descended to the most underhand proceedings during Mr. Canning's premiership, in hopes of concealing from the Danish minister in London our nefarious intentions towards his country. Succeeding administrations must have been heartily ashamed of such piratical conduct, for of all those Danish ships taken into our service, the name of one only, the Odin, survived to our own times, being borne by the fine paddle-frigate which penetrated, in the Russian War, to the very cradle-land of Odin and Freya, in the far north, leaving many of her gallant officers and crew, slain in the night attack on Gamlé Karleby, to rest in the ice waters of the Gulf of Bothnia, sewn up in a hammock with a shot at their feet. Denmark has small cause to love our nation, and yet, curiously enough, there is no lack of good feeling on either side, engendered, no doubt, by a common interest in the lovely and admirable mother

of our future kings, whom Denmark has given to us.

The Duke of Somerset ruled our navy in 1864 with wisdom, industry, and ability; and had just made his memorable after-dinner speech at the Royal Academy, when he told his then incredulous hearers that to admire our hideous new ironclads as much as the old "wooden walls" was a "mere education of the eye."

The armistice was at an end, and the belligerents just going at each other's throats again with renewed vigor. Such was the condition of affairs at home and abroad about the date before mentioned. The Wolf, one of our newest and smartest crack corvettes, lay at anchor at the Little Nore. She had just come in from her first cruise in the storm-beaten waters of the North Sea, and was spreading her drenched wings to dry in the warm rays of the first sun that had shone upon her for many a long day. About four P.M. a telegram arrived ordering her to proceed to sea at daybreak on the following morning, take the despatch vessel *Salamis* with her, to draw Baltic and North Sea charts, and to coal all night. This was delightful, and caused the wildest enthusiasm to pervade the ship. England was then no longer content quietly to look on, and see the ancient and warlike kingdom, the cradle of seamanship, which had given her beautiful daughter to our care, dismembered, conquered, and retained by her conquerors. Something was certainly to be done at last, of which this stirring order was but the forerunner. Such was the naval opinion, shared in to a great extent by the press on the following day. All night long did the whirling and creaking of the cranes, and the monotonous voices of the tallymen, pierce the still air. Provisions were hastily put on board, ammunition hoisted in, and the Wolf sailed at the appointed time, to succeed her Majesty's ship *Aurora* in the delicate and interesting duty of observing, from a service point of view, the proceedings of the combined fleets of Austria and Prussia against Denmark, their luckless prey.

The Texel, in Holland, was to be the first port of call, then Heligoland, and it was even within the bounds of possibility that the Cattegat and the Belts might be visited. Arrived at the Texel next day, the Austrian squadron alone was found lying quietly at anchor, the men's clothes hung out to dry, boats hoisted out, and crews idling about in the sun, as if nothing particular had happened to them. It did not appear where the Prussian ships

were lying in port, but in those days their navy had not assumed the importance it has since attained, and her men-of-war could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Of their fleet the *Thetis*, *Niobe*, *Mosquito*, and *Rover* were bought from the English. I remember the *Thetis* coming into the Cape in 1854, she and her captain being the sole representatives of the infant German navy.

The Wolf's guns were loaded with distant charges and shot, calculated to give a warm reception in case they were fired into by mistake for one of the belligerents. Looking into the Dutch harbor only for a few hours, to land mails and receive despatches, the corvette continued her voyage to Heligoland, where there was every appearance of her being stationed for some weeks. Now was my time to see that most interesting and rarely visited spot. I was certainly possessed of two little children under three at home, but they must be abandoned; so, without loss of time, my passage was taken in the Hamburg steamer, *Earl of Auckland*, sailing from St. Katherine's Docks at twelve P.M. Going on board in good time, the usual chaos reigned till we had cast off and were heading down the river. At first we threaded our way slowly between closely packed tiers of ships, till a clear path lay before us, when on we went at a rattling pace, closely shaving many a homeward-bound ocean steamer, in the narrow reaches of the Thames, by a yard or so. Among the *Earl of Auckland's* passengers were a gay party of pretty German girls, fresh from an educational tour in England, under the charge of a gaunt lady professor of severe aspect, whose eyes were armed with two pairs of spectacles, one over the other, the better to supervise each look and word of her lively brood. They flew hither and thither, from port to starboard, intensely excited and voluble at each point of interest we neared. Woolwich, the Isle of Dogs, Greenwich, its hospital and observatory, were all recognized, and the occasion was even "improved" by their conscientious mentor, as we passed Barking Reach (then far from being the appalling nuisance it has since become) by a dissertation upon London sewage. She knew everything—that marvellous woman; and the pretty, short, curly hair, and pink-and-white complexions of her irrepressible charges, rendered them decidedly attractive objects in the near foreground.

The sun went down fiery-red into a black mass of cloud, which rolled towards

us from the direction in which our course lay. "We shall have a dusting," opined an experienced voyager, and the night certainly did not belie the threatening appearances at sundown. What had seemed but a pleasant breeze between the sheltered mud banks of the Thames, developed into a hard, fierce wind as we passed the Nore lightship and headed out for the North Sea. Night fell upon a miserable spectacle; not even the howling of the winds could drown the seaisick groans of all our luckless German passengers, as each violent plunge of our poor little ship deposited them in a different place. The suffering appeared to be in exact proportion to the appalling quantity of food consumed at dinner on our first coming on board. My own miseries were as nothing compared to the despairing and frightened condition to which these poor people were reduced.

As the night wore on and a new day arose no passengers left their berths or went on deck; they would have been washed overboard unless possessing an unusually good pair of sea-legs, as great green seas thundered on the deck overhead every few minutes. At last the smelling lamps were extinguished, and a faint, gray, greenish light stole into the cabin; time seemed to stand still, and each half hour that chimed from the large saloon clock lengthened out into long hours. Towards eleven of the second night, when we seemed to have been lying in those airless smelling berths for years, and every bone ached with the violence with which we had been flung to and fro, I noticed with intense thankfulness a gradual smoothing of the water and a sensible diminution in the furious plunges and rolls we had hitherto experienced. Soon the cheery voice of the captain, seeking to reassure his most miserable passengers, announced in a loud, clear tone, that was heard above the roaring of the wind and sea and the thumping of the engines, that "we had got hold of" — *i.e.*, "sighted" — the lightship in the South Elbe Channel; that it was midnight, and we should get into Cuxhaven before daylight.

Never were words more thankfully received; we had, in reality, experienced a most unusually stormy passage, and were, one and all, ill and exhausted. I struggled up from my berth, and came on deck at half past twelve, more dead than alive — most kindly aided by the captain, who had never laid down since we left England — and waited for the day; "wished for

the day," we might have said, with St. Paul, when he, with no pilot on board, neared a strange country. How dismally that morning dawned, showing a handful of pale, dishevelled wretches, bereft of any sort of good looks they might previously have possessed! There was the poor lady professor the color of an orange, with bleary, weary-looking eyes, still glaring through two pairs of spectacles. She was quite speechless. As to her lively pupils, could it be possible that these damp, straight-haired, ghastly young women, with creased, unkempt dresses, were the miserable remains of the pretty, pink, fresh complexions, and charming toilettes that came on board? It was too true. I had plucked up spirit to come on deck, thinking that perhaps I should find the Wolf there; but we passed in the gray mist through the whole of the Austrian fleet, lying with lower yards and topmasts struck, plunging at their anchors even in this comparatively sheltered roadstead. I dimly made out the Schwartzenberg, with her battered hull and jury-masts, but our captain assured me that no English man-of-war was there, and on we went up the broad Elbe. First the darkness gave place to a gray mist, very common, they told me, off the low sandbanks that lined the river. One by one the few stars that had ventured out high above the mist twinkled fainter and fainter, and were extinguished; then a sighing wind, the gale's faint legacy, and the precursor of day, came softly up behind us, and caused the mist to flee before it; and lastly, the slumbering shores of Holstein stole out of the gloom, ghostly, with tall, black poplars, and many a quaint church steeple, adorned with its invariable storks' nests, on the most exposed ridges and gables as in Holland.

On we went, faster as the light strengthened, threading our way most cleverly through labyrinths of sand-banks and low islands, till the welcome sun rose and gilded a thousand quiet homesteads, flat and green, and comely with black and white cattle, grazing among the thick wet grass in enormous numbers. The Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein banks of the Elbe were charming, and looked prosperous and peaceful in the early morning, as if they had never heard of war in their midst, much less that even then they were no more a Danish people, but a province of Germany. Glückstadt and Altona were handsome, thriving, populous places, Altona particularly so, and well worth "annexing," as the grasping conqueror knew

full well. We moored amidst a forest of masts alongside the quay in Hamburg, about eight o'clock in the morning, having partially recovered our spirits, looks, and sea-legs.

Here I took the last remaining room at Wietzel's Hotel, and demanded a bath. I might as well have asked for the moon, and with about as much chance of obtaining it. Continuing the search for what I desired with a pertinacity essentially British, I gathered hopes of at last being washed. A pretty, stout, fresh-colored Hamburg girl appeared at my door, bearing a small tin, such as is used for washing up cups and saucers — this was the only species of bath in the house! Consoled and refreshed in some measure with an excellent cup of coffee and delicious light brioche, I sallied forth to spy out the land. Nothing but shops — miles and miles of shops — was everybody in trade? I was recommended to go over to Altona in Schleswig-Holstein; it sounded an immense distance, say ten or twenty miles, but proved to be only just across a bridge over one of the numerous creeks of the Elbe, which intersects the city of Hamburg, and constitutes so serious a foe in years of flood. Half the town was nearly destroyed by inundation in 1855.

Altona is a primitive, quiet, old-world place, with long, straight rows of spreading trees on each side of the magnificent broad roads, shading the ancient stately houses which line the streets. Here there are but few shops. A grand statue of Blücher, the great Prussian field-marshal, who was born in Altona, stands on a commanding site, and harmonized with squadrons of smart Prussian soldiers marching here and there, but guarding nothing in particular, at whom the population looked askance. They were their conquerors and future masters, but not at all welcome as yet. The Danes built this town on the Elbe, close to Hamburg, that it might rival the free port; but it has never succeeded in doing so, and during the war in 1712, it was burned by the Swedes. Denmark then rebuilt it, and it now contains a population of more than twenty thousand souls. Anything less like a conquered and oppressed town could not be imagined. Apathy and dullness reigned everywhere, nothing seemed to matter. Hamburg, on the contrary, is full of toiling hardworkers; it is the great outlet of Germany to the sea, and is governed by a burgomaster assisted by a senate. It is one of the three remaining free ports or Hanse Towns, founded

by the emperor Charlemagne in the ninth century. Hamburg entered into the North German Confederation in 1868; it must therefore be acknowledged that though still fondly and proudly calling itself a free port, even this, the greatest and most powerful of the Hanse Towns, has been obliged to succumb in a certain degree to Germany, contributing largely to the government expenses, while for the advantage of still retaining all its quaint old privileges as a free port, and, therefore, not subject to German custom dues, the once entirely independent city is obliged to pay yearly about £109,000 as tribute. Here, in the broad waters of the Elbe, lay huge seaworthy steamers of the North German Lloyd's and Hamburg Company's fleets blowing off steam, with the equivalent for a "Blue Peter" at the fore. Crowds of the little river steamers, barges, and rowing-boats, lay off, all crammed with people. I thought that some regattas were about to take place; but no, it was only the usual semi-weekly commotion, and the great ships were waiting to embark their thousands and thousands of German emigrants for conveyance to New York; homesick, heartsick creatures, whom the treaty of nations handed over to the conquerors, leaving no place for them in the old home; or men whom the fear of conscription, and consequent military service, drives into exile, together with their flat-faced, cheerless-looking wives and solemn children. It was a melancholy spectacle to see them go off in the tug-boats, bidding an agonized farewell to the beloved fatherland, never to be beheld again in all the long years to come, but still clinging with anxious and careful tenacity to the stolid babies, and enormous bundles, and carpetbags stuffed to repletion, with which they were burdened. They would be far better off, if they only knew it, in the new country whither they were bound, and are the emigrants to be preferred before those of every other nation — sturdy, careful, healthy, law-abiding, and generally God-fearing as they are.

From St. James's Gazette.

A LOST UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

THE recent mania for undoing the disastrous consequences of the building operations at Babel, which has led to the composition of Volapük Pasilingua, and two or three other universal languages, is

not by any means a development peculiar to the present age. The credit of originating the idea belongs to Bishop Bedell; but the bishop being too busy to carry out his own novel suggestion, he handed it over to Mr. Johnston, a clergyman "of mercurial wit." Johnston, as Bishop Burnett tells us, readily undertook the task and made considerable progress with it; but while he was engaged on it the Civil War began, and for some reason or other put a stop to his important work, of which not even the fragments remain to us. A few years later the same idea occurred to the versatile mind of Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromartie, who, by reason of his ancient and cosmopolitan lineage, was perhaps even better qualified for the business than the mercurial Mr. Johnston. The pedigree of the Urquharts, as traced back and published by their illustrious representative Sir Thomas, descended from Adam, "surnamed the Protoplast," and extended over one hundred and fifty-three generations. Many heroes of old belonged to the Urquhart stock; and among the ladies of note who married into the family were Termuth, the daughter of Pharaoh who educated Moses; Hypernestra, the solitary one of the fifty daughters of Danaus who did not murder her husband; Nicolia, who, as her descendant doubtless had good reasons for knowing, was the Queen of Sheba; and Tortolina, the daughter of Arthur of Britain. And, besides his universal ancestry, Sir Thomas possessed not a few other advantages which suited him for the task of forming a universal language, or, as he himself preferred to call it, a Logopandecteis. That he was an admirable linguist is shown by his translation of Rabelais, which still holds the field against all other English versions; and there is sufficient of his other work extant to prove that fair science had not neglected to shine on his birth. He justly ascribed to himself the invention of trigotetral trigonometry, and the authorship of "above a hundred other books on different subjects the conceit of so much as one whereof never entered into the brains of any before, although many were lost at Worcester fight." The foregoing sentence was penned by Sir Thomas to demonstrate the truth of his assertion that his universal language was an entirely new and original idea, and the folly of those who are wont to repeat that there is nothing new under the sun. "If there be no new thing under the sun, according to the adulterate sense of these pristinary lobcocks, how comes

the invention of syllogisms to be attributed to Aristotle?" is the posing question with which he clinches the argument before proceeding to the exposition of his linguistic system. In this opinion as to the originality of his design, Urquhart was, as we have seen, wrong; but assuredly it never entered into the mind of any other man to build up such a language as that contemplated by him. Yet its method was comparatively simple, and admits of brief expression. A universal alphabet was to be formed consisting of the letters — thirty-six in all — which constitute the material of all words in the mouth of man. From this alphabet the words of the universal language were to be made up and then "apparated to the signs of the universe."

A language of so clear and easy construction could need no recommendation; yet, that his readers might be even more enamored of it, the inventor, before setting forth his grammar and lexicon, took the pains to describe a few of its advantages. These advantages were sixty-six in number, and every one of them proved its case. For instance, there were eleven genders and twelve parts of speech, and every word had a meaning when spelt backwards as well as forwards. One single word, though but of seven syllables at most, comprehended that which "no language else in the world is able to express in fewer than fourscore and fifteen several words." And of such words there were not merely a few, but several millions; so that it will be readily believed that of all languages this was the most compendious in compliment and consequently fittest for courtiers and ladies.

With this preliminary sketch of the many attractions inherent in his new language, Sir Thomas artfully brings the first book of his work to a close, leaving the reader in a pleasant state of expectation as to what will be found in the succeeding book. It should at least contain a first instalment of the grammar with some account of the eight hitherto unknown genders, and the four new parts of speech. The title of the second part is "Chrestabebeia," which has a learned look about it, and promises well, even though it be a little terrifying. But, alas! our hopes have been formed only to be disappointed. "Chrestabebeia" consists only of an urgent appeal to the creditors of the author's family to relax their severity in pressing for payment of moneys due to them, and thus to remove the main impediment to the production of the universal language

and the publication of other treatises no less considerable. The tendency of genius to disregard all such mundane matters as the payment of bills had in this, as in other cases, proved a serious obstruction to its natural effluence; but considering the vast importance of the end aimed at by Sir Thomas Urquhart, his creditors would have been soulless indeed had they not refrained from pressing their claims at such a moment. Whether they did so or not we have no means of knowing; but it so happened that the point was of comparatively little consequence, since there were other and even greater difficulties in the way. Book III. deals with a distressed successor and apparent heir, who is no other, unhappily, than Sir Thomas himself. Some grasping persons — possibly the creditors — had apparently laid violent hands on the linguist's temporal possessions, and accordingly he is compelled to plead earnestly "by the laws of all nations" for the preservation of his ancient inheritance — not, it is to be observed, for any mean personal ends but for the "better evulging of this universal tongue."

The next book is entitled "Chrysomystes," and its object is to show how the rigor of the Scotch kirk has very much obstructed the talented inventor's designs. However much we may sympathize with Sir Thomas in his troubles, one can scarcely help feeling a little disappointed with him at allowing his magnificent intentions and the reader's eager expectations to be balked by his merely worldly difficulties. But there are more of them to come. The Scotch kirk had played its part in embarrassing the author; the Scotch law was not to be outdone. The following book sets forth the austerity of the law of Scotland and the partiality of those that professed it — not, of course, on any general abstract ground, but simply as being great hindrances to the present promulgation of the universal language. Now at last the recitals of vexatious interference are finished; and Sir Thomas, as he himself says and all will admit, having "very posedly digested the causes presumptive to the removal of all obstacles impeding the exposal of his brain endeavors," proceeds to prove that the grant of his demands will conduce to all manner of other virtuous undertakings besides the universal language. This he does with no little skill. But his efforts were seemingly unavailing; for at this point the book comes to an end, and it can only be supposed that the obstacles

placed in the way of the brother of the Admirable Crichton (as Sir Thomas loved to call himself) proved greater than even he could cope with. No trace remains of his universal language, no sign that even a portion of it was ever given to the world.

From The Spectator.

THE DISQUIET IN FRANCE.

THE uneasiness with which many English politicians are watching the course of events in France is probably a little premature, but there is some ground for it. It has long been noticed that a new *régime* in France lasts about eighteen years, and is then given up; and that curious feature in the history of a nation is not altogether inexplicable. The French are accustomed to make revolutions and counter-revolutions when other peoples make great changes of party. They know that their social system is founded on a rock, that no party will abrogate the Code, or restore primogeniture, or abolish the conscription, or confiscate small properties; and being at once logicians and actors, they make their changes dramatic and complete, altering the very appearance of the form of government. The date is fixed apparently by a certain growth in age. By the time the voters of thirty, who set up one form of government, approach fifty, they are disappointed with it, weary of it, long for a new experiment, and cease to defend it. Then the young are left free to try their hands, and they make their attempt in the French way, by some sort of a revolution, in which the initiative rests either with the army or the masses, but which is subsequently confirmed by the body of the electors. Sixteen out of the usual eighteen years have now elapsed, and though there is no recognizable wish for revolution, there are appreciable signs of the uneasiness which in France precedes great movements. The electors who made the republic are not content with it. It has not given them the things they like best, — peace, glory, or pecuniary ease. There has been no great war, but a great many conscripts have been used up, and a mass of treasure wasted, in undertakings which have not been very successful, and which the peasantry do not care about. The people who are conscripted do not want either Tunis, or Tonquin, or Madagascar, and only allow their conquest when told that the effort will be slight. They positively re-

fused to go to war with China, even when retreat was not especially creditable. As to glory, there has been none. There was no war in Tunis, only an immense consumption of conscripts by disease; the Tonquin war was not victorious, and the affair in Madagascar interests no one out of the official departments. France has no ally, is as much overshadowed by Germany as ever, and occupies in foreign countries a less conspicuous position than she did. As to prosperity, the taxes are heavier, prices lower — and in France five-sevenths of the people are producers — and the debt growing rapidly to unprecedented proportions. The republic is at peace, but loan follows loan, and yet the treasury is never at ease. The government is wasteful, yet has little to show except schools for its expenditure, and schools, though popular enough, are hardly objects of love with Frenchmen. There has been no improvement in the things the electors care most about, while employers have been frightened by scenes like those at Decazeville, religious men vexed by petty persecutions, and the respectables worried by what they think the undue favor shown to disorderly ideas. There is discontent so deep, that already more than a third of all French electors have announced at the polls either a readiness to be done with the republic, or at least to give it a severe lesson; and the republican leaders have become so alarmed, that, to check the movement, they have expelled the princes. Their calculation is that if the electors see that the republic is strong, they will go on obeying it, and that the violent expulsion of the chiefs of a great hostile party will be taken as proof of strength; but the calculation of itself proves how ill at ease they are.

It is natural enough that under such circumstances the army should be watched with anxiety, and even with suspicion. It is known not to be quite pleased with itself or the republic, — with itself, because it has not gained glory; and with the republic, because the civilians rule it so completely. It is also known that reactionary feeling is stronger in the army than in the nation, partly because military officers are always inclined towards discipline, partly because in an army which seeks educated officers, a majority of them will always come from the class best able to pay for education. The army is therefore watched, and its official chief, General Boulanger, has contrived of late to deepen the suspicion. His politics are

scarcely known — though he was selected as a relative and partisan of M. Clémenceau — but whatever they are, he is clearly trying to get the army into his hands. He is unweariedly active, very despotic, very much inclined to pet the common soldiers — as witness his orders relaxing the rules for return to barracks at night — and wholly indisposed to allow popular officers to express opinions of their own. He shows himself everywhere in every corner of France, and he makes speeches which are interpreted as indicating a wish that "the army" as a separate corporation should take new pride in itself. These are the signs, some French Radicals say, which precede *coups d'état*; and as they know that all Royalists are irritated, that the compromise between Liberals and Radicals cannot last, and that there may be a vacancy in the presidency any day, they are troubled, and inclined to exaggerate. Probably they do exaggerate. There must be scores of thousands of republicans in the French army, and it is a fixed idea of their generals that whatever happens, if the army moves, it must move as a body, that, as they put it, "there must be no civil war in the barracks." It was in a great degree by an appeal to that feeling that Gambetta was able to compel Marshal Macmahon to resign when all was ready for a *coup d'état*. Until the whole army is disgusted, therefore, there will be no movement, which, again, must be one for some definite cause. French generals are too jealous to let one of themselves strike for his own hand, and there is no name as yet which is generally accepted as fitting to be the war-cry of a new *régime*. It would take some new occurrence, such as a catastrophe abroad, or a serious *émeute* at home, or a victory of Extremists in the Chamber, or the choice of a president hated by the army, to make the whole force act together; and till that happens, the army, whatever its temper, is certain to wait. Still, the mere facts that if anything did occur it could act, that it possesses an efficient commandant who is not quite understood, and that it is disposed to come a little more to the front, make serious politicians uneasy, and extreme Radicals frantic, and both have fixed their eyes with curious intentness on General Boulanger. And yet it would not be safe to say more than that confidence in the republic is, outside Paris, decreasing; but then, that would be true, and in France that is not a good sign. The symptoms would probably pass away if there were a return of prosperity; but

there is no sign of that yet, and another year or two of depression, dulness, and general failure may exhaust the thin political patience of a generation which has lost most of its original hope that the republic would be tranquil, powerful, and cheap. The peasants, who at Gambetta's signal swerved in a mass towards the republic, are a good deal disenchanted.

From St. James's Gazette.
RUSSIAN MUSIC.

RUSSIA has so distinct an individuality amongst the nations that one naturally expects that its national music should have a peculiar and interesting character. Expectations of this kind are often disappointed, but in the case of Russia they happen to be fulfilled. Russian music has its characteristic coloring, its *goût de terrain*—things not easily to be described; and it has also a general character less difficult of definition. Russian music is, as a whole, melancholy, and much of it is marked, at the same time, by an unusual degree of earnestness and elevation. One might apply to it the words Gilbert White uses in speaking of the song of the blackcap: it is full, sweet, deep, and wild. Yet its melancholy is relieved, too, by outbursts of a sparkling sprightliness and an unrestrained gaiety.

The Russian popular airs are noticeable—as are those of Norway, of Finland, and of Hungary—for being mostly in minor keys; other European nations having favored the major mode, the Germans so much so, indeed, that there are only two per cent. of minor tunes amongst their *Volkslieder*. That the minor keys lend themselves readily to the expression of either the abandonment of grief or of joy, according to the rate of movement with which they are associated, is a commonplace of musical æsthetics. Karamsin attributed this melancholy in Russian music to the sufferings of Russia under the Mongolian yoke; writers of the school of M. Taine would point to the landscape and climate of the country, to the monotony of the forest lands and to the wide dreary plains, now frozen and now sunbaked. The fact is, however, that the Russian is one of the most cheerful of mortals, easily moved to mirth and unwilling to depart from it; nor is there any reason to believe his cheerfulness to be a modern development. The general character of a nation and the character of

its national music have really but little relation; the causes which lead to the formation of a national style being both numerous and complex in their working. Another point that the student of folk-music should not forget is that in Russia, owing to the comparative isolation of the Russian people from the currents of civilization, the popular music has not been much adulterated and influenced by modern methods, but retains a good deal of its wild graces and its native dress.

While the direct influence of Russia in the world of music has been but small, if measured by the rank its composers hold, it has produced some fine executants, and its melodies have gained a wide acceptance. Beethoven owed something to them, and Chopin used the airs of Lithuania and Little Russia freely in the composition of his marvellous "preciosities." Field and Hummel elaborated them; Haydn did not disdain them; and Rossini, who took the "Zitti, zitti" of "Il Barbiere" from Haydn's "Seasons," appropriated a Russian air for the "Il vecchiotto" of the same opera.

Nor are the Russians careless of their fine body of national music, with its wealth of occasional songs. They are a singing people; they have the musical temperament, and their excellent gifts amply repay any cultivation bestowed upon them. Borrow, with characteristic exaggeration, declares them to be the only people who know how to sing. Their particularly keen sense of harmony seems the more remarkable because harmonized music is a thing of comparatively modern times in Russia; for even in the church nasal unison held its own until the time of Catherine II., and is still sustained by the Old Believers. Certain parts of the country—the Ukraine, for instance—are as famous for singing as Yorkshire and Lancashire are in our own country. The Russian vocalists are remarkable for the production of soft and sweet effects, and for the extraordinary depth and volume of their bass voices; but their soprano and tenors do not seem to be above the European average in quality of voice. Their ecclesiastical music, sung by male voices only, impresses deeply all who hear it. The basses, who take the double C and D, and even lower notes with ease, are, however, limited in compass; and it was partly this, perhaps, that led to the institution of those singular one-note choirs in which each singer comes in upon his particular note after the fashion of a hand-bell-ringer. A phenomenal bass voice in

the Slaviansky choir now in England would appear to be used only for a few notes. This method of division has, it may be mentioned, its parallel in the savage music of Guiana and of some parts of central Africa. Among the peasantry there still remains a peculiar mode of singing or chanting that is associated with certain of the more ancient melodies. These tunes are built up principally with the tonic and dominant of the scale; and when the other notes of the scale occur in them they are lightly passed over with little sound or accent. The Russian soldiers' songs, in which untrained male sopranos sing to the accompaniment of a pedal note sustained by the basses, are said not to be pleasant to Western ears. A popular officer is sometimes tossed to the music of these songs; an odd way of showing affection. The Russian gypsy music is one of the things no traveller is allowed to neglect, and its fame has consequently been spread into all lands. At present it would appear to have lost its old qualities, and to have become a somewhat theatrical commodity cooked up to suit the demand for it.

We can get a glimpse of Russian instrumental music at an early date. In 591 some Russian ambassadors were captured by the Greeks, and each was found to have a guitar-like instrument with which he amused himself by the way. In southern Russia in the seventeenth century instruments like the Greek *crotala* were still in use, as well as a kind of double flute. The instruments that are now played upon present only local variations of the familiar bagpipe, guitar, hautboy, and violin types of the rest of Europe; except that in some of the stringed instruments the sound is obtained from silk cords, which are reinforced by iron wires that give forth sympathetic tones. A similar device to this is found in some of the Indian and Turkish instruments. Russian ladies play, on the whole, pretty much the same pianoforte music as is played all over Europe; but show a partiality for Chopin, and admit to their repertoires one or two of those native composers to whom Rubinstein has lately introduced us. Their songs are accompanied at times upon a small angular-based guitar. Perhaps the most curious feature of Russian instrumental music is found in the horn-bands that were instituted early in the last century, and in which each player has but one note to sound as in the one-note choirs. Spohr, in his "Autobiography," tells us that he

heard a band of this kind play an overture by Gluck with extraordinary precision, and surmises that this result was not arrived at without many thrashings.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE LOTUS.

BY A HINDOO.

At the time I write this the monsoon has burst over India; the whole land is covered as if by magic with a verdant carpet, and all nature has acquired fresh life and vigor after the long spell of dry, blighting hot weather. And who that has ever lived in that country can forget at this moment the fragrant freshness of the air, the moist dark-green trees laden with fruits and blossoms, the smiling flowers of every hue and shade, the shooting of newly sown crops, the feeling of relief on the pale faces of the ryots, and the revived countenance of all men and animals? But nothing do I miss so much as the beautiful lotus, the queen of Indian flowers, the adored of poets and the favorite of gods.

Lotuses grow in the tropical regions of Asia, Africa, Australia, and elsewhere; their chief home being India, where they grow abundantly, extending as far to the north-west as Cashmere, where they are seen to perfection. They not only bear the loveliest of flowers; they also serve for very useful purposes to both men and animals. Somewhat resembling tulips, but much larger, you can see them in full bloom after the rains in nearly all the lakes and ponds; on the waters of which the smiling pink or white flowers stand upright over the large, graceful green leaves. Though common, I have seldom seen them grow in large towns, or in dirty ponds and tanks; and when they once take root in any clean piece of water, they grow luxuriantly without care or protection.

The lotus is a large flower, from four to ten inches in diameter, with vinous smell; its petals are elliptic, concave, and veined. The fruiting torus is from two to four inches in diameter; the ripe carpels vary from the size of a pea to that of a small cherry. In some parts the natives live on lotus seeds. The long, fine filaments contained within the cells of the flower are drawn out, and the thread spun from the filament is used as wicks for the lamps in temples and pagodas. The lotus leaves

are very large and round, from two to three feet in diameter, membranous, cupped, and covered with a fine bloom or white powder easily rubbed off. Sometimes whole lakes are entirely covered over with them, so that you can hardly see the water underneath. These leaves serve as plates for very poor people, and elephants have a great liking for them as food. In the remote, solitary parts of the country you can sometimes see several elephants, half hidden under the water, lustily devouring lotus leaves and stems. The stalks are from three to six feet high, full of spiral vessels, smooth or with small scattered prickles. In hot weather the stalks are commonly eaten by the poorer classes, and boiled in their curries. The root of the lotus is from two to three feet long, and pierced longitudinally with several holes. When boiled it is of a yellowish color and sweetish taste, not unlike turnip. It is believed to be good and highly nutritious, and forms a favorite dish with the inhabitants of Cashmere.

The principal varieties of the lotus are the white, the red, and the blue. The first has large white flowers with sepals; the root being large, tuberous, and eatable. The red species grows in tanks in peninsular India and in Bengal. Its flowers appear at the close of the rains, and are of an intense red or dark-crimson color, whence its Sanskrit name "blood lotus." The blue lotus, with its small flowers, grows in ponds and tanks in the same parts. Its varieties grow in Bengal, and are common in Ajmere and the Pashkur Lake. The large, bluish flowers are used medicinally, being considered cooling and astringent. There is another well-known variety of the lotus. It is called the pigmy, being a very diminutive water-lily. Its flower is no larger than a half-crown; it grows in the Khassya Hills, in the north of India, in China, and in Siberia.

The lotus is seen in its greatest splendor in Cashmere. It is very common on every expanse of water in that country; the leaves are so large and numerous that in some places they form a green carpet, over which ducks and moorhens run securely to and fro. When the flowers are in blossom, as at this season of the year, such places present a beautiful sight. Lilies of various colors and shades peep from amidst the green leaves which rest lightly and gracefully on the water; while the magnificent lotus, with its gigantic leaf and tall and quivering stem, appears in the midst of this floating garden like a

reigning beauty, bowing with modest yet dignified grace at the homage and admiration of her gaily bedecked courtiers and attendants.

The lotus is highly venerated by the Hindoos. It is the immediate attribute of Vishnoo, who in Hindoo mythology is represented as seated upon the lotus in the midst of waters. It is also peculiarly sacred to Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnoo, who is sometimes called Kamala, or lotus. In the Hindoo theogony the floating lotus is an emblem of the world; the whole plant signifies both the earth and its two principles of fecundation. The flower is a favorable offering at the Hindoo temples, where it also enters into all the ornaments of brass vessels used in the service of the idols. There is a legend that the red lotus was dyed by the blood of Siva that flowed from the wound made by the arrow of Káma, the Indian Cupid.

The flower has been a favorite theme of the Indian poets from time immemorial. It has the high honor of being designated in Sanskrit by at least fifty ordinary names besides the special ones for its varieties; some of them being very expressive, as "lake-born," "water-born," "hundred-leaved." Sanskrit poets largely use the lotus as the emblem of female beauty. A beautiful face or lovely eyes are compared to the full-blown lotus or the opening buds; while the tall and quivering stem and the graceful filaments stand for the well-shaped body and the arms. In the "Ratnávali" — a Sanskrit play written in the twelfth century — Vasantaka says to his lady-love, "My beloved Ságariká, thy countenance is as radiant as the moon; thy eyes are two lotus buds; thy hand is the full-blown flower, and thy arms its graceful filaments." Kálidás's works are full of such comparisons; one of the prettiest being that passage in "Sakuntalá" where the king, observing from a distance Sakuntalá carrying a water-jar in her father's hermitage, her graceful form being only clad in knotted bark, thus describes her: "As the lotus, though overgrown with weeds, is still supremely beautiful, so is this damsel, pale and trembling, though clad in simple bark. What is not beautiful on a beauty?" Even philosophers take to the lotus for the illustration of their gloomy maxims. In a well-known verse in "Mohamudgara," the philosophic poet compares the fleeting human life to the unstable, quivering water on the smooth, glossy petal of the lotus, which is continually undulated by the breeze blowing on it.